

August, 1938

The Liguorian



A Fairy Story
C. D. McEnniry

•

They Call it Vacation
E. F. Miller

•

The Movies and Block-Booking
E. E. Witte

•

A Case of Temperament (Story)
D. F. Miller

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GREETINGS

1. *For a Birthday of Son or Daughter:*

God made the sun and moon and stars, and He
Made all the seasons too;
He made the earth,—each bird and flower and tree—
Then He made you.

This very day He gave you life, and we
Gave you a name. O may
No lesser joy in your heart ever be
Than ours today!

2. *For a Wedding:*

May He Who blessed the water
And changed it into wine,
Enter your home between you
And make it divine.

Divine with all the gladness
That heaven can dispense—
Divine with lovers' rapture
And childhood's innocence.

3. *For a Silver Wedding Anniversary:*

They say the years are long, so long—
But you are witnesses that they are wrong.

The years are swift, too swift, you say,
For those whom love has sped along the way.

The years are naught, we say. For see—
A love so tested lives eternally!

— L. F. Hyland

FATHER TIM CASEY

A FAIRY STORY

C. D. McEnniry

"**T**ODAY, children," Father Timothy Casey began, as he took his place at the desk for his regular catechism class in Sister Majella's room, "we must waste none of our precious time with story telling but get down at once to a serious repetition."

"A-a-aw, gee, Father!" Believe it or not, this protest was audibly and distinctly uttered — and by a pupil directly under the watchful eye of Sister Majella. It is hardly necessary to state that said pupil was Aloysius Brannagan, better known as "Red." For who else would have the hardihood to risk the dire consequences of such a breach of the decorum Sister Majella expected from her class in the presence of the pastor.

But — such is the contagion of bad example — Red had no sooner broken the ice than the whole group daringly plunged in.

"O Father, please." — "One story, please." — "Please, Father, just one little story."

Did the good priest's imagination flash back to childhood days — little Tim Casey sitting in a hot, crowded classroom, temporarily oblivious to the world and all its miseries, listening breathlessly to a story? At any rate he hesitated — wavered — capitulated.

"So be it then. One very brief story. But what kind of story?"

As though the poor teacher had not already suffered enough, she had to submit to the humiliation of hearing one of her pupils make the preposterous suggestion: "A fairy story."

"Fine!" cried the priest. "A fairy story. Any 'make-believe' tale is a fairy story. But, listen. I cannot do this by myself. You must all join and help me with a 'make-believe' story. Will you do it?"

"Yes, Father." — "Sure, Father."

And how thoroughly they did! He had no sooner begun his 'make-believe' than they all joined in in the "pretending" as seriously as though the universe depended upon it. The story started with a bang.

"It's a disaster — a catastrophe! Suddenly — snap — just like that. And there are no angels!"

"No angels, Father!!!"

"Not one — and never was. Not a single, solitary angel."

"O Father, isn't that turrble! I always loved my guardian angel — and there isn't any," wailed Dassie.

"What will my mama do now?" cried Rose. "She said she always put me under the care of my guardian angel when I had to cross Broadway coming to school where the traffic is so dangerous. Now she will just worry herself sick; I know she will."

"And I won't dare go alone into a dark room any more. I usen't to be a-scared, cause my guardian angel was with me."

"And — Father — I can't ever, ever any more say: 'Angel of God, my guardian dear.'"

"And — and — Father Casey, what about ringing the 'Angelus'?"

"What a dumb question!" said Robert. "Don't you see Father can't have Matt Brogan, the sexton, ring it any more? How could anybody say: 'The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary,' when they ain't no angels?"

"And, Father Casey, little boys who wouldn't ever do anything wrong, even when nobody could see them, because the holy angel was there beside them, they'll get careless, won't they, Father?" said practical Jimmy.

"**A**ND children," the priest continued with his 'make-believe,' "that is not the worst. We have scarcely got our breath after the loss of the angels, when — pouff — there are no saints, and never were any."

"No St. Peter?" demanded Pete Maier.

"No St. Agnes?" queried Aggie Devine. "She was so wonderful and so pure."

"No St. Joseph?" from Joe Rahilly. "He was the bestest of them all."

"No," replied the priest, "Not a single saint."

"Then my name, Patrick, it doesn't mean a thing. I used to be so proud of it, account of St. Patrick, the 'Postel of Ireland. But now they might just as well call me Shep or Towser."

"Listen, we'll have to drop our St. Aloysius Society," said Red. "If there isn't any St. Aloysius, how can there be a St. Aloysius Society?"

"Oh, dear, and the St. Vincent de Paul, too." Little Margaret was

thinking — though she did not express her thoughts — how, were it not for the care of that helpful society, she and her brothers and sisters would be without shoes, while her father was out of work.

"Then we must take *all* the statues out of the church." — "And whitewash over all those lovely pictures in the ceiling, showing the saints going up to heaven." — "And the windows, they are full of saints. We must smash all that red and purple glass, that makes you feel so holy, when the sun shines through it, and put in old ugly windows like a garage."

"But *my* patron will still be there," boasted Mary Byrd. "When your saints are gone, you can all come and pray before the Blessed Mother's altar."

Then came Father Casey and burst her bubble. "Ah, Mary, you are too optimistic. The Blessed Mother is Queen of Saints and Angels. But since there are no saints and angels, there can be no queen."

"O-o-oh, Father! "No Blessed Virgin Mary!!!" — "No Mother of Perpetual Help!" — "No Children of Mary!" — "No May Processions!" — "No Blessed Mother Hymns!" — "No rosary nor Hail Mary nor Hail Holy Queen nor Memorare!"

"And remember," the priest reminded them, "all those names you girls are so proud of, are just plain silly. Mary and Marie and Marian and Miriam and Immaculata and Concetta and Perpetua and Carmelita and Annunciata and Assunta and Dolores and Loretta and Soledad — they are all given in honor of the Blessed Mother. Since there is no Blessed Mother, you might just as well be called Triangle or Yesterday or Backache."

"Dear me, we will have to take the Lady Altar out of the church."

"No more lights nor flowers nor candles! Ah, Father, it won't be a church, at all — just a house, like anybody else's. I won't want to go there to say my prayers any more."

"At least God is still there, hidden under the appearance of the Sacred Host," said wise Miriam. "It is God who makes a church a church. We shall be dreadfully lonely without the saints and the angels and the Blessed Mother to encourage us and intercede for us, but at least we can still pray to God. And that is everything."

"**M**AKE believe — make believe," Red Brannagan's vivid imagination was carrying him deeper and deeper into the terrifying

void, "make believe there isn't even any God. Then there is no Jesus in the Sacred Host; it is just a piece of bread and nothing else."

"Then there will never, never be any more First Communion, when Jesus comes for the first time into our heart," murmured Lottie, who treasured her pearl rosary and white prayerbook and all the dear memories they evoked.

"What are you saying — no *First Communion*, there won't be *any* Communion, at all." Robert reproved her for her theological shortsightedness.

"And no Mass!"

"And no Confession! Because Confession is telling our sins to God through the priest."

"And — and we can't even make an act of perfect contrition before we go to bed at night and tell God we are so sorry — because there isn't any God."

"And, when it is hard to do the right thing or we don't feel like it, we can't be generous and do it for the love of God, like Sister Majella says, because there isn't any God to love."

"Whether we do what's right or what's wrong, nobody cares — so what's the use!"

"And nobody will ever any more be kind to the sick and the poor for the love of God," added Margaret, who remembered hearing her mother say that the St. Vincent de Paul was helping them for the love of God.

"And my daddy cannot say God bless you, when we start to school."

"And when my mama gets that awful pain, she can't offer it up for the love of God. She will have to suffer and suffer, cause the doctor can't do anything for her. That will be turrble, won't it, Father?"

"Yes, and when she comes to die, you will not be able to have Father Casey come and light the candles and give her Communion and kneel down and pray and pray and tell her to say 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may my soul pass away in peace with you,' and prepare her to meet God, like he did with my mama, because there is no God to meet. She will just be dead and — and — finished, not waiting to welcome you with God in heaven."

"And now the sky will be so empty. We cannot look up and say, My God, I love you, because there is nobody to hear us — just sky, and nothing else."

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"And the air will be so empty too. Sister Majella said you could talk to God anywhere because God is everywhere, but now there is nothing but just air. You can't talk to the air — it doesn't know anything."

"And the church will be so empty — no angels, no saints, no Blessed Mother, no Blessed Sacrament, no altar, no —"

"What are you talking about the church being empty!" Robert had to set them right again. "When there is no God, there won't be no church. And no priests and no sisters, because they are people consecrated to God. That is the only reason they became priests and sisters."

The same thought flashed across several minds: "There won't be any Father Casey!"

And the entire class uttered the dread pronouncement: "There won't be any Sister Majella!!!"

The note of dismay in that chorus of childish voices more than repaid the good sister for all the worry and heartaches they could cause her in a thousand years.

"**A**ND now, children," said the priest, "this make-believe story has brought you to realize better than ever before what a precious treasure is your holy faith. You see that your holy faith makes you live in a world that is noble and beautiful and uplifting, full of comfort to the suffering, full of encouragement to the weak and sinful, full of inspiration and joy to all. And, on the other hand, you see how empty life would be — how empty and drab and dead and hopeless life would be without your holy faith. Never forget that there are millions of unhappy children in the world today — many of them in your own neighborhood — who are devoid of this holy faith. For them — as far as their knowledge goes — there are no angels or saints, no Blessed Mother to love them and intercede for them, not even our heavenly Father to watch over and save them. They do not realize their immense loss, because they have never known the beauty and richness of a life of faith. They are like the man born blind who does not realize what he is missing, because he does not know what colors are, what flowers are like, or trees or birds or mountains or rivers or lakes or the faces of loved ones.

"Now, will you be selfish and hard-hearted towards those unfortunate children? Or will you all be little missionaries? Will you win them to the faith by your good example? Will you pray and offer up

many little sacrifices for their conversion? Will you learn your religion thoroughly so that you may be able to tell them all about it, able to arouse their interest and give a clear answer to their questions? Will you do that out of love for God and gratitude to God for the gift of faith which He has freely given you?"

"Yes, Father. Yes, Father. We will, Father."

And forty-five young apostles sallied forth from St. Mary's School that afternoon, with their heads in the clouds and their hearts on fire with missionary zeal—so long as it lasts.

Rebuttal

In an English newspaper, E. Allison Peers, a well-known non-Catholic, answers the charges of Catholic responsibility for the Spanish war:

"Sir—Like most other close students of Spain, I have refrained from newspaper controversy on the civil war, the issues of which are too numerous and complex to be adequately discussed in brief letters.

"But it is impossible to leave unchallenged the statement of the Bishop of Gibraltar that 'the Roman Catholic Church in Spain has failed, and failed lamentably, to present Christianity faithfully to the nation. . . .'

"For myself, I am neither a 'Romanizer' nor even an extreme churchman, but for 17 years I have spent three or four months regularly in Spain, and my work has brought me into closest contact with the Church there. I have worshipped regularly in great Cathedrals and small village churches; heard innumerable parish sermons; stayed for long periods in the families of practicing Catholics, both of the middle and lower classes; read widely in modern Church literature, been the guest of clergy, monks, and friars; and discussed religious problems as an unknown layman, with persons of all kinds. And I do not hesitate to say that the Church in Spain has presented Christianity faithfully and fearlessly to the nation; and that it has its reward in the millions who worship with a frequency, a regularity, and a fervour too rarely found in the Church of England, and in the thousands of saintly men and women who live the life of contemplation. Such a statement as that of the Bishop of Gibraltar is no more true of the Church in Spain than of the Church of England, and I am ashamed that a Bishop of my own Church should have made it."

THEY CALL IT VACATION

Some like the seashore and some like the mountains. Some like quiet and some like noise. But too many like the things that make vacation painful. Perhaps you'll agree.

E. F. Miller

THERE is no accounting for tastes. One man likes spinach, another man does not; one man likes polo and badminton, another man thinks polo and badminton are for sissies and Harvard graduates; one man (living in the United States) likes Communism, another man (living in Russia) considers Communism worse than disease, death, and devilry all combined. What is one man's food is another man's poison, or in the words of the old saying, as long as you have heads to count in the world, you will have opinions to count too.

In view, then, of this enlightening statement of the obvious, there need be no explanation attempted for the vagaries of Americans when the time comes for them to go on vacation. Our country is big and broad, filled with high mountains, green fields, and sparkling lakes. There is even an ocean on each side and a gulf at the bottom to add variety to the fancy handiwork of Nature upon the land. Thus there are plentiful places to go if one is really determined to "get away" from it all, and see what the country has to offer. Glad we are to say that there are millions of people who do "get away" each summer, who do "oh" and "ah" before the breathless majesty of the mountains, and who do take stock of the expansive waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Insofar as they do *that*, they are within reason, and no one can pick an argument with them. But there can be no explanation of the *particular way* in which they choose to see these wonders except to say that there is no accounting for tastes.

FOR example. There are people who think that vacation means taking up residence for a week or two at one of the innumerable highly publicized and much frequented public beaches and resorts that spot the country. It is true, in so doing, they have the beauty of the ocean or the calm serenity of an inland lake to recompense them for the inconveniences of the public resort or beach. But such beauty and

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serenity are only recompenses and nothing more. I use the word advisedly. One of the decided disadvantages of the large city is that it is too large — there are too many people within its confines. A citizen of Chicago or Philadelphia or Boston oftentimes lives next door to an individual or individuals, white and American like himself, and never in the course of many years finds out, beyond the name, who that party is — his politics, his religion, his occupation when he is not at home eating or sleeping. Nor does this mean that he enjoys a maximum of privacy. In spite of the anonymity of the neighbors on both sides and in the back, there is no privacy in large cities. One cannot remove one's shirt on a hot summer night without having a hundred peering eyes jump into the living room to view the strange sight of a man without a shirt. Such conditions promote happiness in the hearts of window-shade makers; but they cannot promote happiness in the hearts of citizens.

And yet, many people will go from their crowded apartment or over-inhabited neighborhood to an equally crowded and over-inhabited beach, and call the same, vacation. It is jumping from the frying pan directly into the fire, for the time away from home is in a sense worse than the time at home, and that in spite of the fact that the ocean is at their elbow for their disposal. They eat food in hotel or restaurant not too well prepared and thereby curry favor with indigestion, or they take their nourishment at hamburger stands and popcorn wagons and thereby provide themselves with cramps, or they carry a basket lunch into the sorry remnants of a woods behind the beach and share that lunch with the ants and flies that live there. When not eating or sleeping, they sit in the sand doing nothing except dodge the milling feet of other thousands who also are on a vacation away from the crowded city. But avoiding milling feet is not their only difficulty. In the course of their sand-sitting, the sun looks down on them and says in pity, "You poor, unfortunate, misguided folks. Is this the best you could think up?" Then he proceeds to turn on the heat. He burns them to a beet red, he raises on their backs a ridge of blisters, he tortures them till they can no longer bear the weight of the slightest garment on their shoulders. And when his work is well done, he dismisses them with the message, "Now go home. You've had your vacation. And didn't you have one wonderful time? Those pictures you took with your candid camera will prove to other people that you must have had a wonderful time. You can show them to anybody who dares poke his face inside your door for

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the next six months." They go home, tired and sick, to rest up for a week before getting down to work again. Is that vacation? To some, it is. There is no accounting for tastes!

OF COURSE, people can't be too choosy these days in their choice of what they will do or where they will go. With a depression breaking out every other year, they have to save what they make while they are making it against the time when they won't be making any more. While they would, perhaps, enjoy going on a vacation that would be a vacation in the real sense of the word, and not a penance, they cannot do so on account of lack of funds. That is undoubtedly the predicament of more than one unfortunate man and woman. But even though they did have money and bags of it, still, most of them would not know how to enjoy themselves in a sensible and rational way. Our age is an age of standardization. One can see the same crazy hats on women's heads in New York that one can see on women's heads in San Francisco. The living room of any house looks pretty much the same in cut and color and appointments in St. Paul as in New Orleans or San Antonio. The same radio, the same refrigerator, the same table and floor lamps. High powered advertising and big time corporations have given people the same things to eat, the same things to wear, the same things to do. And so, even though they were wealthy as Croesus, they would most likely spend their vacation just as about five hundred thousand other wealthy Americans spend theirs. And in all probability, it would be a foolish way too. Witness, for example.

There is the debutante who breaks away from her many nerve wracking and energy consuming tasks in the Junior League to spend a few days at the seashore or in the country. According to one of the recent issues of a popular magazine, she carries with her more than twenty costume changes for those few days—a dress for every possible occasion that may arise. Long dresses, short dresses, evening dresses, afternoon dresses, swimming suits, tennis suits, and walking suits are all packed away into a trunk-sized-suitcase, to the profit of various Redcaps along the way, and lugged along as though the trip were to some remote spot in the African desert where a store would not be found for seven hundred miles. She even brings along three or four pair of shoes and as many hats. We suggest haltingly that perhaps the reason of the portable department store is to aid the ocean or the lake in providing

scenic effects for the other visitors. And we just as haltingly assert that all the oceans and lakes we have seen did not need persons or things to enhance their beauty. But even though they did need such human aids, why, we ask humbly, does anybody want twenty dresses for a *vacation*?

People are called upon to wear fancy dresses during the year while they are at home, and different kinds of dresses too, for different occasions. The amenities of social life demand it, and from all reports, if a lady comes and goes in the same dress every day, she becomes an object of pitying glances and eventual disdain. Though she has only one dress to her name, she is expected to do it over from time to time, supplying a ribbon here and a ruffle there that it did not have before, for the purpose of creating an illusion for those who would constitute themselves inspectors. This simple deception that deceives no one is allowed, and only by giving herself over to it completely can the lady of today meet the demands of city life. But all this drops with the dawning of vacation — or to put it better, all this should drop. To us it would seem quite sufficient if the vacationer, debutante or otherwise, would apparel herself in a pair of slacks, put a toothbrush and a comb in her back pocket, and a good book under her arm, climb into one of the family cars and be off to that place where the things of ordinary daily life at home could be forgotten.

But the trouble is, most vacationers do not want to forget the things of everyday life at home. Young people dance and go to parties and talk "small talk" with members of the opposite sex and the same sex all year 'round. They go to movies, and parade what finery they have from one end of the year to the other. And so they think that the best way to take a vacation is to continue just what they have been doing all the time. The only difference is, they are doing it in a different locale. It is equivalent to a busman's holiday — the man who drives a bus for a living and then takes his family for a ride on a bus on his day off. It is getting away from the real idea of vacation. But again we say, there is no accounting for tastes!

ONE thing must be remembered in this business of vacation. No man is ever allowed to take a vacation from his religion in the sense that while he is on vacation, he need no longer pay any attention even to the essentials of religion. Of course, we are not so puritanical as

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to maintain, that a few weeks at the beach, or on a trip, must be well punctuated with attendance at Novena services or Mission exercises. The Church doesn't demand that if a man attends to these obligations during the year. But what the church does demand is that a man go to Mass every Sunday and that a man keep apace with his prayers. Prayer may never, at any time, be given up; and Mass may be missed only for serious and weighty reasons. 'Twould be sad if a vacationer were to be called to give his account the day after his vacation closed, and on being asked by the angel in charge why he didn't go to Mass on the Sundays he was away, would answer that he was on vacation. The angel would likely answer that such excuses didn't hold in the court of heaven. No, there is never a vacation from religion, and the man or woman who thinks there is, is, in the words of the wise man, a fool.

In viewing the different kinds of vacation, we still find it necessary to maintain our opening proposition. There is no accounting for tastes. What is candy to me, is poison to you. So, all we can say is — if August is your month to relax, have a good time. But bring a group of angels along with you wherever you go, and let the Lord sit with you in the car and in the canoe. Your heavenly Mother would by no means be in the way either. Then your vacation will do you good instead of harm, and that even though you come back with back and shoulders and arms as black as the first roast of a newly-wed bride.

Going On

If you would do much
Be prepared for disappointment.
If you are disappointed
Guard against impatience.
If you are impatient
Beware of blaming others.
If you blame others
Look to it lest you ruin yourself.

So it comes about
That he who will go on whatever happens
Not yielding to disappointment
Not impatient,
Not blaming others,
Will save himself here and hereafter.
"He that perseveres to the end, he shall be saved."

— *Archbishop Goodier, S.J.*

THE PROFIT MOTIVE

L. M. Merrill

It is credited with having accomplished the miraculous; spanning the country with railroads; conquering gravity with airplanes, annihilating distance and time with the radio; providing life with innumerable comforts through the thousands of inventions that electricity and machinery have made possible; advancing science and art and craftsmanship to a degree undreamed of two score years ago. To many who speak of it reverently and obsequiously, the profit motive is a god who should be adored.

But

the beneficences of the profit motive are in large part a delusion and a snare.

If

the profit motive means one's rightful desire to earn a living by one's work and to enjoy those comforts that make life more pleasant, and to provide reasonably for one's family, and to be able to do something in charity and service for others, it is a good motive. It is then the motive of self-preservation, which should inspire men not only to avoid death, but also to seek an honest, peaceful, contented, full livelihood.

But

if the profit motive be accepted as it is accepted today by those who preach about it most, as a desire for wealth as such, for more and more money and power and other things that have nothing to do with a decent full livelihood, it is the equivalent of greed. And if men cannot build railroads and invent airplanes and make machines that will turn out thousands of knick-knacks per hour without being inspired by the so-called profit motive, which is sheer greed, then the world will be better off without the railroads and airplanes and machines.

For

it is better to be without railroads and airplanes and knick-knacks and comforts, than with them to have men driven by greed into forgetfulness of God, inhumanity to man, and the thousand crimes that start with cheating in business and end with robbery and kidnapping as we have them today. They are the ugly spawn of a profit motive at large.

OPEN LETTER

TO A DIVORCEE

DEAR FRIEND:

Because there are few persons in the world in a more trying situation than you, because so little is ever said to help you understand the dangers and responsibilities of your present unusual state, because you have a soul to save that is just as important to God and yourself as that of anyone else, I am writing this letter to you. It is written not in any spirit of criticism or condemnation, but out of a firm desire to understand your needs and to provide the kind of help you seldom receive.

It does not matter to me now what caused your divorce, or on whom the blame should be most squarely placed, even though I would have done everything in my power to prevent it before it occurred. But it does matter for you to have a salutary recognition of the fact that you may have failed in some way to do all you could have done to avert the tragedy.

You may have been guilty of foolhardiness — against the advice of friends and the constant warnings of your Mother the Church — by rushing headlong into marriage without really evaluating the character of the man to whom you were binding yourself forever. Even though you found yourself married to a man with whom a peaceful home-life was absolutely impossible, you could thus blame yourself for not having found that out before you became married, since that is the very purpose of friendship before marriage.

Or you may have failed to grasp the importance of little things during the first years of your marriage. You may have permitted little dislikes to irk you and unnerve you. I say, "You may have permitted this to happen" because what we call "nerves" are often only the weakness of our characters and our inability to govern elementary human feelings by will-power and virtue. The result is that we say "things get on our nerves," "we can't stand them," etc., simply because we do not want to stand them. In married life especially this inward fussing and fuming over little things can grow into a state of constant warfare that makes divorce seem inevitable. Possibly that had something to do with the breaking up of your home.

OR — face the worst about yourself, it is good for you — perhaps you failed in serious ways to do the things that would preserve your home. Perhaps you did not try to make a home for your husband, thinking that you should have an uninterrupted life of excitement and leisure. Perhaps you did not want children, out of fear, or selfishness, or love of ease, or out of any other motive. Perhaps you ran into the trial of poverty or want of things you were used to, and were unable to brave it. So many things are possible as causes of trouble for which you can blame yourself that it is not right to evade thinking the matter over in this humble mood, and even though everyone may admit that your husband was far more to blame than you for the collapse of your marriage, you should still be willing to face your own small or great shortcomings and the things for which you yourself might be blamed.

Mind now, I am not reminding you of these things in a criticizing or condemning manner. Whatever your faults, they are of the past now, and can be buried in the sea of God's infinite forgiveness. But there is a purpose in the reminders: it is that you may learn the first lesson of peace for your present state — which is humility. Your greatest and most immediate danger is that you will think you have been cheated by life; that you are a deeply wronged and injured person; that the world owes you a good time to make up for the tragic humiliation you have endured. If you let that spirit take hold of you, you will either develop into a whining, complaining, resentful mortal from whom no one hears anything but bitter repinings against her lot; or you will turn into a voluptuary, sacrificing every last ideal and every shred of virtue to an insatiable quest for compensating pleasures. One state is almost as bad as the other; both can be avoided by humility: by remembering your own past mistakes and follies; by being deeply imbued with the truth that though it is a tragic thing to have suffered a broken marriage, it is not the one irreparable tragedy: the only irreparable one is the final loss of one's soul; by determining to profit by your experience unto the good of others and the betterment of your own character and soul.

THAT this may be done there are some practical suggestions that I will make. First, is the very practical and necessary one, that you remember that you are forever bound to the man to whom you were

validly married, and hence are not free to seek or cultivate the friendship of men as though you were still free to marry. In a certain sense you are now like a priest or religious: You are bound by a vow which makes marriage impossible. Therefore just as priests or religious are forbidden anything like company-keeping with members of the opposite sex, so you too are forbidden these things. This may seem hard, especially if you are young and personable; yet it is not too hard for one who has any realization at all of the necessity of saving her soul at all costs.

Don't make the mistake that has been made by so many women in your condition: thinking that even though you cannot marry, you are entitled to friendship and companionship with men whom you instinctively like. This will be one of your greatest temptations: it is natural for you, as a woman, to crave love and affection; and at first sight many an opportunity for this will seem harmless and even holy. But it is a temptation and a snare; and to give in even at the beginning by seemingly innocent associations would be an injustice to the man involved, an almost infallible short-cut into a state of sin, and possibly even the preparation for abandonment of God, your faith, and your soul.

The difficulties involved in these restrictions you must place around your heart will be tempered and rendered light if you seek other absorbing outlets for the energies of your being. Fortunately, you have your Catholic religion, and that can become a compensating interest that will satisfy your every need. Intellectually you can begin to grow in knowledge of your faith, learning to share in that enthusiasm for truth, as its horizons widen under judicious reading and study, that has created the purest joys many souls have known. Spiritually you can develop in the practice of your faith, becoming a daily communicant, learning to appreciate and understand the Mass, realizing daily a more intimate union with Christ's mystic body. (The fact of your divorce, of course, does not forbid you the Sacraments. If you were responsible for the civil divorce, you need special absolution, and that is easily obtained by one who has the right dispositions. Only those who are divorced and have attempted remarriage are forbidden the Sacraments until they give up their pretended consorts.)

Besides intellectual and spiritual development in your own faith, you can work for others. You may find a place in Catholic instruction work for neglected children; you may be able to join some charitable

organization of your parish; you can devote yourself to good works in behalf of the sick. Once you get into some of these activities, you will find after a little that you will not have time to do all that you would like to do. When that day comes the power of the temptations that will inevitably arise will be practically nil.

If you do not engage in religious activities, you can at least find pleasant work and interests in other fields. If you have children who were left to you, you are blessed indeed: let their training and instruction and future become the absorbing interest of your life. If not, you can get a job and make it a career, in the sense that you can throw your heart into your work so that it will not be so open to the suggestions of evil that may arise. Or you may find a place in a family of relatives where you are needed because of the death of someone on whom others were dependent. The important thing is to fill your life with occupation and interest. These things will not spare you all loneliness, nor prevent you from being tried by alluring opportunities to break the vow by which you are bound; but they will help you to recognize the fact that these things are temptations — and will make it easy for you to overthrow them.

IF YOU will ponder these things well you will be spared the lot that is more bitter than that caused by divorce: that of becoming an embittered, disgruntled rebel against God and mankind, or that of becoming a restless seeker after new pleasures and new thrills that will never satisfy you and in the end may cause the loss of your soul.

May God be good to you — and grant you understanding of His Providence and love, and courage to do what is His Will for you, now.

Sincerely Yours

D. F. MILLER.

A DIFFERENT SPECIES

A woman had gone to a physician for medical advice to cure her ailments. In the course of their preliminary conversation, she said to him:

“I believe that the most important thing in life is to have good health. As a matter of fact, nothing else matters to me, because I am convinced that I have no soul.”

“Then, madam,” returned the doctor, “you will have to excuse me from handling your case. What you are looking for is a veterinarian, not a physician.”

"ORDERS" IS ORDERS

One of the most important words in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, is the word "Orders." What does it mean?

R. J. Miller

"VOCATIONAL groups," "occupational groups," "modern guilds," "organized trades and professions," the corporate system," "vertical integration of society"—these are all names for one and the same thing: the groups or bodies which Pope Pius XI in the Encyclical "*Quadragesimo Anno*" wants to see established as a means of eliminating the warfare existing between capital and labor.

"What's in a name?" said Shakespeare; but fair Juliet who uttered this plaint was only too well aware that there is a good deal in a name. It was the name of Montague which her Romeo bore, that kept him from his little Juliet.

"What's in a name?" mutters many a student of the Encyclicals on seeing the various English equivalents of what must be the same original Latin word for "vocational groups," etc., etc.

And by the way, just what is the original Latin word for these groups the Pope wants? Would it not be wise to see what it is; try to see why the Pope uses it; and then see if any of the current English terms square with it? And if they do not, find an English word that will fill the bill?

THE Latin word is "*ordo*"—for the singular—and "*ordines*"—for the plural. It is nothing more nor less than the familiar word for the familiar English word "order." The only special thing about it is that the Pope always puts it into quotation marks (" ") when he uses it for these "vocational groups."

A search through the most voluminous Latin dictionary that can be found will reveal that there is no meaning of the old word "*ordo*," as accepted by the classic authors—or the non-classic, for that matter—which designates a social group made up of opposite elements, such as the Pope has in mind.

It is plain, then, that the Pope is just taking the simple old Latin word "*ordo*" and giving it a new meaning; a privilege one can hardly

deny him, for after all he is the head of the Catholic Church, and especially of the Latin rite, and hence the main custodian of the Latin language.

But why does the Pope do this? We need not rack our brains to find an answer, for the Pope himself gives it. These groups he is talking about, he says, are to be made up of various members, from the two classes of capital and labor, but bound together by one common bond. Now St. Thomas, says the Pope, describes "order" in general, — any kind of order whatsoever, — as "unity arising from an apt arrangement of variety." And since in the Pope's own new social groups there will be the "variety" of labor and capital working in "unity" by an "apt arrangement" of their mutual interests; i.e., these groups will be characterized by what St. Thomas calls "order," — the Pope uses no clumsy circumlocution like "vocational groups," or "occupational groups" for them — he simply calls them "*ordines*." And he indicates that he is giving the old word a new meaning by using quotation marks wherever it occurs in this sense.

It is, then, in place to ask here: if the Pope in his original text simply gives a new meaning to the old Latin "*ordines*" — why should we not in English just give a new meaning to the familiar term "orders"? — But let us wait a moment for that.

BEFORE doing that let us ask: What was the Latin word for the medieval guild? If these "*ordines*" are to be "modern guilds," perhaps the medieval Latin for "guilds" will give us a clue.

The medieval Latin for "guilds" was "*corporationes*" (corporations) — which the Pope never uses in "*Quadragesimo Anno*" to describe his "*ordines*."

Why not? He does not say expressly, but we may guess that one reason is because he does not want us to think that we are to try to transplant the Middle Ages into the Twentieth Century — he is talking about something new, even though it has old elements: old elements of order, with new quotation marks around it.

Another reason may be that he does not want us to confuse his ideal with any one possible application of it — such as Signor Mussolini's "*corporazioni*." As sure as the Pope used the word "*corporationes*," Mussolini, and the anti-Fascists too, would say: "There it is — the Pope has taken a leaf from the Fascist Labor Charter, and all the rest of the

world has to do is to build on the Fascist model, and the papal dreams will come true."

So the Pope just takes an old word — "*ordo*" — which even in its old meaning of unity in variety, describes the main characteristics of these new united groups of capital and labor, and gives it a new specific meaning: namely, the groups of capitalists and workingmen working together harmoniously for the common good.

He uses no Latin equivalent for the clumsy English "vocational groups," "occupational groups," etc.; he does not use the Latin word for the medieval guilds. He just uses the old word "*ordo*" in a new way.

Would it not be best just to do the same thing in English, and call them "orders"?

A Slight Disagreement

How much scientists can differ in their own proper field was illustrated a while ago to a humorous degree by an argument between two famous leaders in the natural sciences on the question of the speed of a bot fly.

Dr. Charles H. T. Townsend, who has spent many years studying insects and bot flies in particular, made the astounding statement that the bot fly has repeatedly been clocked at a speed of 400 yards a second or 818 miles an hour. Since sound travels at a mere 740 miles an hour, this means that the bot fly travels faster than its own buzz.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, a Noble prize-winning chemist of the General Electric Co., pishes and tushes Dr. Townsend's findings by saying that the bot fly does well by itself if it travels at a speed of 25 miles an hour. He presents these arguments against the possibility of an 800 mile an hour speed for any insect:

1. The power consumption for maintaining a speed of 818 miles an hour would be about one-half horse power, or five man power. Where would the bot fly get it?
2. To produce one-half horse power for its speed, the bot fly would have to consume one and a half times its own weight in food in each second of its travel, thus requiring some husky and quick lunches on the wing.
3. A bot fly striking a person at 818 miles an hour would exert a force of 310 pounds, or about four tons to the square inch, and would penetrate deeply into the flesh of a human being. There are no records of such collisions.

So far as we know, the argument is still raging.

Three Minute Instruction

NULLIFYING MARRIAGES

Prominent instances in which marriages are declared null and void by the Church, and Catholics permitted to go through the form of marriage a second time usually cause widespread discussion. Even Catholics sometimes call this "getting a divorce from the Church." They forget or never did know that there are three things that can nullify a marriage from the beginning — so that it was never a true marriage at all. They are:

1. *Imperfect consent to marriage.* For example, if one party to a marriage has been forced into it under threat of loss of life or some other grave penalty, the marriage is invalid and remains invalid unless a fully voluntary consent is given later on. Both persons in such an apparent marriage may be declared free from the bond and capable of entering a true marriage when it has been proved that the consent of one was forced and not free.

2. *Defective rite or ceremony for marriage.* Marriage can be truly contracted by a Catholic only in the presence of an authorized priest and two witnesses. If the ceremony of marriage was performed without those conditions, it was no marriage at all and can be declared null and void.

3. *Defective freedom to marry.* Only persons are free to marry who are not under any impediment that hinders their valid marriage. For example, relatives as close as second cousins cannot validly marry without a special dispensation; baptized Catholics cannot marry Jews or non-baptized persons without a special dispensation; a man or woman who is incapable of performing the actions necessary for the generation of children cannot validly marry, etc. If after an apparently valid marriage, it is found and proved that one of these impediments was present and either was not removed by special dispensation, or could not be removed, then the marriage will be declared no marriage at all.

Because of these possibilities, it is foolish for people who hear about "Catholics getting a divorce and permission to remarry from the Church" to accept the words on their face value. There are many reasons why the first marriage might simply be declared null; and often they are reasons such as would naturally be kept quite secret. One must know all the facts before drawing any conclusions.

A CASE OF TEMPERAMENT

What happens when a man and a woman decide to exchange the temperaments with which nature endowed them for others of their own choosing? You guessed it — a mix-up.

D. F. Miller

“**W**HAT a life! What a life!” repeated Herman Howard, with a crescendo of emphasis both in his words and his actions, as he slammed shut the drawer of his desk, snapped a rubber band around his note-books, heaved his chair back and rose to his feet. “Here I am all set for an evening of hard work, that could get us some place, and you want me to take you to a movie! All right. All right. We’ll go. If I’ve married a butterfly, I suppose I’ll have to fly around like the rest. All right. Get ready. . . . What are you waiting for? I thought you were all set. Where’s your coat? Let’s go.”

Viola stood looking at him uncertainly. Ripples of resentment followed one another over her features, from the first wave of her blond hair down to the lovely curve of her chin. The resentment was followed by anger, and then gave place to fear, which was finally expressed as follows: “If that’s the way you feel about it, I can go alone. I’ve been in the house all day, you know. But you can stay here and do your work. You needn’t come with me.”

“Huh,” answered Herman. “What do you think I am? You want to go and we’re going. All I’ve got to say is that I wish you’d be a little serious once in a while. All we do is go to movies and bridge games and these whaddaya-call-em showers and things. I’m getting tired of it. We’re going to get down to business mighty soon, and stop browsing around. Come on. What are you waiting for? I’m ready.” He had his hat on and was charging for the door.

Resentment returned into Viola’s face and this time got into her words. “We’ve been out exactly three times in the last month. If you think that’s too much, if you think I should never go any place but just stay here in the house and watch you work every day of the year — I guess you married the wrong person. I guess I’m not good enough for you. I’m not worth three evenings of your time a month. I guess — you’d prefer — to live — alone.” She backed up toward the davenport

and sat down. She had her handkerchief ready for the tears.

"Oh," said Herman, grudgingly contrite, "I didn't mean it that way." He bit his lip in determination and then went on. "I think I'd like to see a movie. Come on."

Viola's features changed rapidly. She stood up. "All I have to do is change my dress," she said. "I'll be down in a few seconds."

HERMAN HOWARD was not really a bad husband. Six months of his married life had passed, and he was the type who now wished to forget about the trivial recreations of courtship and honeymoon and make a serious business out of life. At work he drove himself mercilessly in the hope of getting ahead; at home he wanted either to sit at his desk laboring over new plans, or to read scientific books that would give him knowledge he might use some day, or to "fix up" this or that about the house with a dogged earnestness that made him like a bear while the job was in progress.

Scenes like the above were becoming more and more frequent, however. Viola was different. Viola could not quite see the reason for all the grim determination, the uncompromising drive, with which her husband went at everything. She did her own work well; kept the house neat and clean; served good, if not exceptional meals, and seldom worried long about anything. She was still fond of a party now and then; liked to show off nice clothes; loved to spend an evening watching a double feature, or driving aimlessly through the country, or chatting or playing cards with friends. Every one of these things got on the nerves of her husband, who always had too many important things to do. Both felt the strain. Neither knew what to do about it.

Thinking the matter over the next day on his way to work, Herman decided in his usual forthright manner that he would find out what could be done about it. After all, they were married only six months, and if things went on as they were going, they would head rapidly for a severe case of incompatibility. Being just as determined to make a success of his marriage as of anything else, he decided to call on an old college friend, who, under the high-sounding title of "Therapeutic Psychologist" had already made quite a name for himself. He telephoned him the same morning and they planned to have lunch together.

Theodore Thorndike was a faultlessly dressed, tall, blond adonis who had more success dealing out practical psychology to women than

to men. He had a soft, musical voice that intimated the deepest understanding of the problems on which he pontificated. He was the exact opposite of Herman Howard, who had rough features, wiry dark hair that was hard to keep in order, a brusque voice and angular carriage. As a matter of fact, or of nature, Thorndike's type did not appeal to Herman; it was only the fact that he had risen to a kind of fame, and that he was a fellow-alumnus, that made him willing to give him a try.

They met at the door of the Arcade Building, and after the usual greetings of college men who meet for the first time in months, they went in and selected a secluded corner table. Over the soup, Herman began his story; they were just finishing their lamb chops when he ran out of material. When he had finished, he said:

"Does your — er — psychology line tell a man what should be done in a case like this? What do I do now?"

Theodore Thorndike eyed him professionally. Then he nodded his head slowly and delivered his opinion. "A very simple case to analyze," he said. "Very simple. It is all a matter of temperament."

Herman looked up sharply. He did not like the word. He thought it meant what the newspapers said about movie actors and stage stars when they were called "temperamental." "What!" he said. "Temperament! Who's temperamental?"

"Oh I don't mean that," said the Professor smilingly. "I mean it is a simple case of difference of temperament. Hyperthyroid and hyper-suprarenal. The whole trouble starts there."

"What's it all mean?" asked Herman.

"In the language of the uninitiated, you are of the choleric temperament. You have drive. You have ambition. You have a serious outlook on life. You are destined to go far and do things. But you also have pride and obstinacy. You want your own way because it's always right. You anger easily. You insist on things."

"Well?"

"Your wife, on the other hand, is apparently sanguinic. Not too serious. Likes amusement. And friends. Lighthearted and gay. Quick and impulsive. See what I mean? When you want to be serious she wants to be merry. When she wants to go places you want to sit down and work. The result is a clash. Repeated clashes make for a state of chaos. Something has to be done."

Herman sniffed and snorted a bit, hating to obligate himself to what

a man like Thorndike might suggest. However, he made a break for information. "What do you advise?"

"Well," said the professor, dubiously, "it won't be easy. But here's your job. If you've got the wrong temperament to get along with your wife, try changing it. Of course, you understand you can't change it really. You're stuck with it — whatever you happen to have. But you can act as if you had a different temperament. If you do that for a while, everything will smooth itself out."

"What do I have to look like?" said Herman doggedly.

"Let me see," said Thorndike, tapping his dessert spoon on the tablecloth, "not sanguinic, because you do not want to be too much like your wife. That doesn't work either. Take the opposite of what you have now, which is phlegmatic. Yes, I think that will do it. Take phlegmatic. Learn how a phlegmatic person acts. Study up on it. Draw up a set of rules for yourself and then carry them out. In a few weeks you'll be surprised at the result."

"I will, eh? Well, what is this phlegmatic business you're talking about?"

Thorndike pulled back his sleeve and looked at his watch. "Oh," he said, "it's after one, and I had an engagement with Mrs. Jones-Bedford marked for one. I must go. Just go to the public library and look up the psychology department. You'll find plenty on it there." He stood up and put a fatherly arm on Herman's shoulder. "Let me know how you come out, old man. So long." He was gone.

VIOLA HERMAN took a letter from the mail-box, looked at the return address, and though no one could possibly have seen her because she was alone in the house, bore it furtively to the bedroom upstairs. She sat down at her make-up table, slit the letter open with a finger-nail file, and began to read:

"Dearest Viola," it began, with a familiarity born of experience with thousands of troubled sweethearts, wives and mothers. For the letter was from Jane Joyce, conductor of the syndicated newspaper column entitled "Secrets of Joy," to whom Viola had written a full account of her troubles with Herman, with a request for a personal letter of advice.

"Dearest Viola: Your letter moved me *so* much, because it is exactly like hundreds of letters I receive every week. And oh, if you but knew

THE LIGURIAN

how happy I am to give you the advice that will really transform your little home into a palace of sunshine, you would not have apologized for writing to me.

"Really, dear, your problem is all one of temperament. You have a most wonderful husband — no, don't try to tell me otherwise, because your Aunt Jane can read volumes between the lines of the letters she receives. He is a grand character, I know, and if he seems to be a little vexatious now and then, it is only because he wants to do so much for you in the future. He is strong and capable and true, and I know just hundreds of women who would be most horribly envious of you if they knew him.

"Now, dear, here is what I want you to do to get back the full confidence of your dear husband. Just try to measure up to his own character and ideals. You will have to sacrifice many of your own feelings and desires and instincts to do so; but I assure you you will be repaid immeasurably after a while. After all, isn't life just one great big problem of adjustment? Yes, and it is for you to adjust yourself now to the character of the wonderful man you have married.

"First of all then, start being very serious. Don't ever suggest a show or a dance or a party. When he comes home in the evening, have your own program all mapped out. Dinner, then the dishes, then perhaps some work in the garden, then some mental occupation that will show him you really want to accomplish something. When you start something, don't let anything whatsoever interfere with you until it is finished. Be strong. Be energetic. Be forceful. Be firm. Then you will make him love you a thousand times more than he loves you now.

"I know you will take my advice and find the real secret of joy. Oh, if only more young couples, who are nagging at one another, heading for the rocks of unhappiness and divorce, would come to me as you have come before it is too late. I love them all, and I shall be waiting to hear the outcome of your brave effort to bring rays of sunshine into the dark places of your home. Lovingly,

Jane Joyce."

Viola looked dubiously at the letter for a few minutes after she had finished reading it. Then she set her lips, gave a little determined jerk to her head, and reached for a pencil. This thing called for some strenuous planning, and she was going to get at it right now. . . .

THE LIGURIAN

IT WAS a couple of days after his meeting with Professor Theodore Thorndike before there was a lull in Herman's work at the office and he had a chance to step over to the public library. At the information desk on the main floor he asked for the "Psychology department." The girl answered curtly: "Psychology room, second floor back."

The man in charge of the philosophy room listened intently to his request for something on temperaments, and then took him over to a corner where a whole rack of books was stacked under the heading: "Psychology, practical and applied." There he was left to his own devices.

After paging through a score or more books, he came on one that seemed to have what he was looking for. It was a small volume, with brief outlines of the characteristics of the four temperaments. Time had passed so rapidly that he was in a hurry now, so he simply paged rapidly through the book to the section on the phlegmatic temperament and began to read.

"The outstanding characteristics," he read, "of the man of phlegmatic temperament are the following: He is seldom moved by strong emotion, being as uninclined to great elation or joy as to deep sorrow or gloom. He is easy going and slow; unworried about serious things, unruffled by the actions of others no matter what they may be. He is lacking in ambition and determination, preferring to idle along without serious effort. He loves to putter about with trivial things, and can spend hours toying with gadgets and knickknacks. . . ."

Herman read the words a second time and ran his hand furiously through his bristling hair. "Humph!" he snorted. Then he read the words a third time, and clenched his fist with determination. He took out a note-book and began copying the words. . . .

(To be continued)

LIVING IS GIVING

The *American* reports finding a man who knows what to do with his money. He is a retired dentist of San Francisco, 84 years old. He has given \$67,499 toward the construction of Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill, is donating a 30-bell carillon to the church, and is content to live at an Old People's Home on the slightly more than a-dollar-a-day income he has left. . . . This man will have joyous account to give when he is officially asked "what he did with his money."

THE MOVIES AND BLOCK-BOOKING

Have you ever wondered how your neighborhood theater happens to get the particular motion pictures it offers to you? Here is inside information on one of your favorite sources of amusement.

E. E. Witte

MOVIE producers breathed a sigh of relief when Congress closed its third session June sixteenth. For more than ten years the makers of pictures have been haunted by the possible passage of a bill prohibiting compulsory block-booking and blind selling. Each year those urging such a bill have grown more persistent and determined. The result has been the Neely-Pettengill bills. As we know, bills usually receive their life or meet their death at the hands of a committee reporting favorably or unfavorably on them. It has been the good fortune of the compulsory block-booking bill to be at all times favorably reported on the floor of the House and Senate, but never before had the measure been put to vote. Advocates of the bill, therefore, had reason to rejoice when, on May seventeenth, the Senate voted in favor of the West Virginian's proposal to bann block-booking and blind selling.

So keenly apprehensive was Hollywood that it sent Mr. Joseph Schenck of Fox Films to lay the situation before the President. But, no doubt, Mr. Schenck's fears were soon allayed by the wiser politicians of Washington whose prediction was that the bill would never reach a vote in the House. In fact, they must have told him, the passage of the new measure in the Senate was only a gesture to Senator Matthew Neely who had worked so hard in behalf of Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors. Those in the "know" must have assured Mr. Schenck of the impossibility of ever whipping into line a House of Representatives on the eve of adjournment. That impossibility has been proved. The Neely bill for the seventy-fifth Congress is dead and if revived next year it will have to be as a new measure, to go through the mill all over again. Once more the Producers can rest easy.

TO MANY people the inner workings of the movie business are a mystery. They should not, however, be disconcerted. For after listening nine days to five hundred and twenty six pages of explana-

tion, the House Sub-Committee also declared itself mystified by the hazy exposition which the General Managers and Presidents had given of their own business.

But one thing people have known for years. It is that whether they came individually or as organized groups to demand or request better films they have always met with the reply from their neighborhood theater that under the present system of block-booking and blind selling the exhibitors have to take what they get and like it, and the public must do likewise.

Compulsory block-booking is the practice by which each of the eight major producer-distributors, called the Big Eight, sells to the independent theater owner its entire out-put of motion pictures for the ensuing year, affording the local theater no choice except to take all the pictures so offered, or none. Blind selling is the practice, also followed by the Big Eight, by which pictures are sold to the exhibitors before the pictures have been produced and with no information as to the character of the pictures that will be delivered, the stories that will be embodied therein, or the treatment which will be accorded the story material.

How then does block-booking work? In this manner. Your neighborhood theater, let us suppose, shows four pictures a week or two hundred and eight a year. The owner of the movie house buys from his five favorite companies. He calls on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is told that they will probably make fifty pictures next year. Does he want them? If so, he must rent them all. He cannot select. He buys from RKO. Again the contract reads — take all or none. Now if each company's output for the year is 50 pictures, the exhibitor finds that he has 250 pictures on his hands out of which number his playing time allows only 208. But he pays for them all with a smile. However, the exhibitor's embarrassment does not rest here. Not only has he bought an entire block of pictures, but he has bought them sight unseen. In other words the sole information he has of his new buy is a series of numbers on his contract. He does not know into what pictures the various movie stars will be distributed nor the number of high or low caliber pictures he is getting for his money. Hence, as a result of blind selling, the independent theater man finds out all too late the number of mediocre films — called in movie parlance quickies, cheapies or westerns, which have been foisted on him.

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Of all the Big Eight namely, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox, Warner Brothers, RKO, Universal, Columbia, and United Artists, only one company, United Artists, gives a complete announcement of its program. This company alone lists the proposed pictures by name, author, book, its stars, cast and gives a complete synopsis of the picture. Last year, for instance, Columbia Pictures promised to make a minimum of 32 with a maximum of 40 pictures. The contract gives no information whatsoever. The First National and Warner Brothers made 27 pictures. Only numbers appeared on the contract. The Fox Pictures promised to make a minimum of 40 and a maximum of 50 pictures. The names of features were given in the trade papers during the year; one does not have that information at the time the contract is signed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made 50 pictures. The company gives the names of the stars, plays, books and stories. RKO made 45 pictures, identified only by numbers, 601 to 646. No description of the subject was given. Certainly by this system of doing business neither the theater owner nor the community has freedom in the selection of motion picture films.

IT IS necessary to note that of the 16,500 movie theaters in the United States, 12,500 of them are small independent neighborhood shows, while the rest are affiliated shows. These affiliated movie houses are owned by the big producers and consequently always have the first run pictures. Block-booking is not used in these affiliated theaters dominated by the producer but is used only against the independent owner. Of course, the producer selects the "smash hits" for his own theater and, by a gentleman's agreement, exchanges his top pictures for the top pictures put out by the other parties of the Big Eight. Motion pictures producers do not force the undesirable films upon their own first-run houses, but do force them upon the little neighborhood houses, which are patronized by the family trade, as distinguished from the down-town sophisticated audiences. The little theater man is therefore forced by block-booking to help underwrite the hazards of the production of films. In other words, all mediocre films are hoped to be disposed of through the medium of the small theater, thus helping the Big Eight to get its money back.

It is quite natural that the big producers would fight to keep conditions as they are. For with the assurance that all their pictures, whether

good or bad, will be bought, producers can take for themselves and pay others high salaries. The producers' own argument for continuing the present trade practice is this: without a steady and dependable market in advance of output, there is no guide for budgeting huge expenditures. In other words, without block-booking there is no guide to tell them whether they can continue to pay director Capra \$208,000 a year or not; whether Mr. Skouras will continue to get his \$341,000 or not; Mae West her \$323,000 or a smaller sum. The only assurance the producers have that these huge expenditures can be budgeted is the continued willingness of small theaters to accept block-booking and blind selling.

It has always been believed that if a theater owner did not like his block of pictures he could cancel a certain percentage of them. Let it be stated however, that the ten per cent cancelation privilege is a fiction. According to the motion picture code, exhibitors are allowed to cancel one picture in each group of ten. The code, however, does not allow the exhibitor the right to reject four or five pictures in one group of ten and leave the remaining groups of ten to be played in order. Thus the privilege may be defeated by the simple device of putting all the poor pictures in a particular group of ten.

That is one way of circumventing the cancelation clause. Another way is to make the cheap, quick pictures first. On these the producer knows quite certainly that cancelation will be used. When the movie houses have exhausted their right of cancelation, only then will the other pictures be released some of which may be in class B or C. But at this point your theater can do nothing about it as its right of cancelation has been used up.

From all that has been said so far it would seem that the little theater owner had certain grounds for complaint against the big producer.

WHAT is the attitude of the Catholic toward this whole question? Suppose another bill comes up in the Senate or House aiming to secure a wholesome screen by legislative means. Would it be incumbent on Catholics to endorse such a bill? Well, insofar as it may be wise and good for Catholics to exercise within limits the right of self-expression they would certainly be free either to support or overthrow such a measure; but in so far as a united front is concerned it would be better

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that they first acquaint themselves with official statements and tendencies of their church.

In 1936 Archbishop McNicholas, chairman of the Bishops' Committee of the Legion of Decency made this official statement:

"The Legion of Decency sees in legislative measures not a means of securing a wholesome screen but rather a grave danger of political censorship. One law may lead to another. The result in all probability will give us a bureaucracy or final court of morals for motion pictures. There would be the danger of political appointees interpreting the provisions of the law in a bureaucracy so as to set up moral standards of motion pictures. There would be danger also of these appointees being influenced by political pressure in their interpretation."

Yet at the time of that declaration numerous Catholic organizations petitioned for passage of a bill prohibiting block-booking. This difference of opinion was certainly a source of embarrassment to the Catholic cause and made the House Committee raise its eyebrows significantly at the manifest discrepancy of opinion.

Be it said that while we recognize the evil of block-booking in the movie business, we are not concerned with it as a trade practice. Our concern is to cure the moral problem in films by self regulatory processes within the industry as well as by the development of finer standards of taste among the movie-going public. The Legion of Decency is doing effective work in just that direction. The Legion has one simple, clear objective—to insure for the public, as legitimate recreation, a wholesome screen against which there could be no objections on moral grounds. Its strongest weapon has been an aroused public opinion and public opinion will continue to be the most effectual safeguard against salacious motion pictures.

Hence, the Legion prefers not to deal with the little independent theater but with the producer. To deal with the small theater would mean conducting the campaign on 12,500 fronts rather than confining it to one front—the Producers.

So keenly intent is the Legion on pursuing this course of action that the Neely bill advocating legislative action on the movies received no support from the Legion's headquarters. It is true that Senator Neely mistakenly included the National Legion of Decency in the list of social, civic and religious organizations sponsoring and actively working for his bill. But Mr. Neely's attention was called to this violation of fact

and very fairly he made the correction in a subsequent issue of the *Congressional Record*.

If drinking water is found polluted at the fountain the best method of purifying that water is not by rinsing the cup but by examining the reservoir. The water may be bad at its very source.

The Legion of Decency has dealt with the producer directly. It has gone to the source of the trouble. It is certainly conceivable that even without block-booking some local theaters would use their new freedom in selecting objectionable pictures if they could still get them. This they would do because they care only for profit and hence are anxious to satisfy and cater to the baseness of some people. But if the producer no longer supplies this kind of pictures all theater owners will, perforce, have to conform to a new deal in film production — a new deal of clean, moral pictures.

THEREFORE, it seems that the best regulation of the movies would be that exercised by the customers at the box office of a theater; and this regulation for good is brought about by an aroused public opinion against producing companies.

No Neely bill could, with its possible wedge for the insertion of Federal control and censorship, effect the same end. If federal censorship ever resulted from a legislative act, could that censorship hope to deal with the real vice of the movies? What could it do about the vulgarization of spiritual values; about the exaltation of cheap personalities; about the idealization of wealth, success and brutality? Government censorship, based on mere mechanical rules, would most probably be concerned only about nakedness, about whether the illicit lovers came to a bad end, about whether the policeman was given a dignified status in his chase after the gangster. But these are mere incidentals when one is considering the influence of the movies on impressionable persons.

The damage is done long before the actress exposes herself or dies miserably in the hospital as a concession to virtue. The damage is done when the prostitute and gangster are shown living in beautiful mansions, wearing gorgeous clothes, ordering around the sedate butler and riding around in Roll-Royces and Dusenbergs. That is when the destruction of moral standards takes place, and no government censorship, with mechanical rules, would censor. For the degrading influence is imponderable. It defies definition according to a mere mechanical rule of

morality which would confine itself to incidents so specifically objectionable that no one would dare defend them. It is to be feared that political censorship would take little cognizance of what we call proximate occasions of sin. Hence the obviously indecent would be banned but the indirectly suggestive picture might be condoned.

Our course of action seems to be to back up the Legion with all our strength, to abide by our pledge condemning immoral motion pictures and to follow faithfully the lists of approved pictures so kindly provided for us by the Legion of Decency.

The Paths of Glory

Someone should write a book about the later lives of boys and girls, young men and young women, who receive hero awards and widespread public acclaim for some noble deed. Judging by the following sample story, ferreted out by the *New York Times*, we can be convinced that the book would be interesting reading and wholesome philosophy.

In March, 1931, Bryan Untiedt became a hero when a Colorado school bus was trapped by a blizzard. Before help could arrive, the driver and five children died. The rest owed their lives to thirteen-year-old Bryan, who kept them awake and moving by all kinds of ingenious methods.

The story of Bryan was broadcast far and wide. President Hoover invited him to the White House, and gave him a target rifle. Sermons were preached about him. Foreign countries paid honor to him, and at least one college offered him a free education.

After his travels, Bryan went back to Colorado, attended school, and then worked on his father's farm. Drought ruined the farm, and he hired himself out to other farmers, and became a railroad section man. At eighteen years of age he was destitute. The Colorado State Senate gave him a job as page, and he went to work in blue working clothes, the only clothes he had. A month or so ago he was in jail, unable to pay a seven-dollar fine for driving a truck without a license. A Denver lawyer won his release.

The paths of glory sometimes end abruptly. Football players, boy scout heroes, and all ye who crave publicity and fame, take note.

"Exit"

L. F. Hyland

For the 1,728th time, the curtain was about to rise on what was called the greatest play of modern times. It was entitled "Exit." Crowds milled about in the theater lobby just as if it were a well-publicized opening. Three quarters of the seats within were already filled, with eager drama lovers impatient for the opening lines.

Critics had argued back and forth endlessly during the nearly five lucrative years of the play's run as to whether it was the genius of the play itself or the genius of its leading actor that made it the hit that it had become. Some said that it was the play; a great, timely, social document; a grippingly human plea for relaxing the laws governing divorce; an expression of the national spirit that would go down in literary history as one of the finest commentaries on the social progress of these days.

Other critics ventured the opinion that if it were not for Leslie Mann, the leading actor, the play, no matter how exceptional a written masterpiece, would not have survived as long as it did. It was his utter sincerity that drew people back again and again to see the play. It was his restrained eloquence in the impassioned scenes that never failed to electrify the audience into breathless silence. It was his naturalness: never had an actor brought real life more convincingly onto a stage.

The curtain rose as if for the 1,728th production of the play. But those who had seen it before, were surprised to see the stage in disarray. There was no Leslie Mann seated on the usual trunk shining the well-worn shoe. After a moment or two, the manager came out and stood before the footlights. His hair was in disarray; he wiped perspiration from his forehead and said:

"We regret to announce that our leading actor, Leslie Mann, has refused to go on with the play "Exit" tonight or any other night. Having no actor who can do justice to his part, we are sorry to announce that the long run of this justly famous play now comes to a close. We feel that you will be interested in knowing Mr. Mann's reason for discontinuing in the production. He has just suffered a great misfortune. A letter was delivered to him half an hour ago announcing that his wife has obtained a divorce. Your money will be refunded at the front office. That is all."

OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR

This story of the origin of the scapular, beloved by so many Christians, and of the promises made to those who wear it, will add strength to love and devotion.

F. A. Brunner

AND when the vision left him, he, Berthold, was fully determined to share his little anchorhold on Mount Carmel with other hermits, to the honor of St. Mary. So he said to Giovanni of Patmos when the latter visited the Calabrian hermit of Carmel in 1185. The prophet Elias, whose memory still clings to the hallowed hill, had come to him, Berthold — Lord, pity the sinner! — and inspired him to build a monastic house from the ruins scattered over the waste." As the old priest sat there relating his vision, with the sunset sending wisps of gold into his graying beard, who would have seen in him the founder of the Friars of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel? Or in the ten hermits huddled in the little chapel near the grotto of the prophet, a brotherhood which would spread devotion to our Lady of Carmel to every corner of the earth?

Yet, from that shore-side mountain ridge, which looked for all the world like it was about to put to sea, from that Syrian hill-top around which cluster so many biblical memories of loveliness and beauty, the Order of Carmelites launched out into Europe. God blessed the little community. Though the latest comer, the new institution was able to graft itself successfully on the monastic tradition, already centuries old, which Oriental cenobites and Benedictine monks had established on the north Palestinian hill called *Karmel* by the Arabs. Not sixty years had passed, and they had become numerous enough to require a fixed rule. This was furnished to Brocard, Berthold's successor, by Albert de Vercelli, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who wrote an austere rule embodying many of the prescriptions of the Rule of St. Augustine and that of St. Basil.

And in less than a hundred years colonies of friars had settled in France and Germany and crossed the channel into England. Simon, a Kentish recluse, who obtained the name of Stock because — legend tells us — he had made his home in the hollow stock or trunk of a mas-

sive oak tree, joined the Carmelites in 1212, after twenty years of living as a lonely hermit. In 1247, at the first chapter held at Aylesford on the British Isle, this holy man was elected general of the order. He it was who effectually Europeanized the oriental friars, associating them with the other Begging Brotherhoods, and he it was who secured a provisional approval of the Carmelite rule from Pope Innocent IV and guided the brotherhood through the stormy years till the final *placet* of the Second Council of Lyons, in 1274.

ACCORDING to pious tradition the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to St. Simon Stock at Cambridge, England, on a Sunday in July, 1251 — in the midst, therefore, of the most trying time his young order had had to encounter. He had appealed to her for help for his oppressed brethren, and in answer to his request this good Mother came to him with a scapular in her hand and said: "Take, beloved son, this scapular of your order as a badge of my brotherhood and for you and all Carmelites a special sign of grace. No one who dies in this garment will suffer everlasting fire." Unfortunately the traditional tale as detailed here dates only from 1642 when was published a supposed circular letter of Simon's dictated to his secretary and confessor, Peter Swanyington, and it is not well supported by earlier testimony unimpeachable. Friar John Grossi, it is true, does tell a similar story, and he was general of his order for almost half a century — with an ear, in consequence, for every Carmelite tradition. He wrote his *Pleasure-Garden of Carmel* about 1430 and in it tells of a vision of Simon's, but the privilege of the scapular seems in this narrative to be confined to the Carmelite Friars alone.

The scapular referred to in the legend was probably the long strip of brown cloth worn by the Friars over their tunic before and behind and connected over each shoulder, whence its name of "shoulder-garment," from the Latin word *scapulae*, shoulder-blades. Originally the scapular was a kind of blouse or apron reaching to the knees and having no sleeves. With the monks and friars of old it replaced, during manual labor in the fields and elsewhere, the cowl, a more ample hooded garment used for full-dress wear. Or it was worn as a sleeping garment, for the religious did not sleep naked as did the ordinary lay people in those days. No wonder the poet called the Carmel scapular "our Lady's smock," with a happy allusion to its pristine usefulness.

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But gradually, later in the Middle Ages, the scapular came to be regarded as an integral part of the habit and to it were attached the same blessings that were associated with the wearing of tunic and cloak. So, at any rate, it happened with the Carmelite scapular. John Grossi, whose book was mentioned before, relates how many English noblemen, including even the murdered king, Edward II, desired to wear this garment under their other clothing and in that way obtain, if possible, some fellowship with the holy religious who so easily won our Lady's love. This devotion spread wonderfully among lay folk, and the idea soon developed of giving to everyone connected with the Order — benefactors and friends — the scapular of the Friars in miniature, to be worn day and night under or over the ordinary vesture. As early as 1280, perhaps, a society was formed by the Carmelite brethren to foster a special devotion to our Lady, Queen of Mount Carmel. Late in the sixteenth century this society adopted as its badge the small scapular which had shrunk by this time to two slight streamers hanging over the shoulders front and back, much like an archbishop's pallium. The further step to our tiny scapulars not two inches square was but a matter of years.

TWO privileges our Lady is said to have promised to those who honor her by wearing this brown scapular of her beloved Carmelite Order, and whatever be the historical support of the tradition of her appearance to the chief actors in the stories, the promises are reliable enough. For the first promise is that "all who wear the scapular until death will be saved from hell." You know Mary's power with God, and it would be singular indeed if Mary would not shower her graces on those who show faithful love and devotion to her by wearing her badge. The second promise is that those who die in grace after wearing her scapular all their life and performing the required fasts and observances, will be freed from purgatory soon after death, particularly on Saturday, the day consecrated by Catholic usage to Mary's honor. This promise, they say, was given to Pope John XXII, a French Pope living at Avignon in the early fourteenth century. The conditions for gaining this privilege are such as to justify a trust in our Lady's special aid in that time of torment, for the Blessed Virgin surely loves those who love her.

So it is with heartfelt thanks that we join the Friars of our Lady of Mount Carmel in celebrating each year on July 16 the goodness of the mother of God towards this Order and to all children dedicated

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to her. The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, commonly known as the Scapular feast, does not appear even among the Carmelites before 1376, and only very much later, in 1726, was it inserted in the calendar of the universal church. But devotion to that sweet Queen of Carmel must have been a pious tradition among the friars even when first the little band on that hilltop garden-spot sang together the Psalms of David to the honor of St. Mary.

Hobbies

Some time ago the New York Board of Education's WPA adult education program conducted a survey to find out what hobbies are occupying the leisure time of the people of today. The results were interesting.

First by a wide margin was *reading*. Second and third place went to *listening to the radio* and *attending the movies*. Besides these fifty-four other hobbies were mentioned. They included the following:

- Improving educational background
- Working on inventions
- Attending free concerts
- Solving crossword puzzles
- Going to ball games and athletic events
- Knitting (Given as a hobby even by men)
- Collecting stray cats and finding homes for them
- Clipping news items and comic strips
- Repairing radios
- Sewing designs on curtains
- Making toys
- Crocheting and tufting
- Study and practice of various arts
- Interior decorating
- Making aviation models
- Photography
- Dancing (Almost confined to those between 17 and 25)
- Collecting stamps
 - match-covers
 - coins
 - menus
 - theater programs
 - handkerchiefs
 - cigar bands
 - baseball pictures
 - gas and electric bills

PATRON FOR A POPE

Pope Pius IX, beset by some of the direst troubles the Papacy has ever known, went to St. Alphonsus Liguori for guidance and protection. He found it, and therein lies a moral for our own troubled times.

A. H. Waible

IF ONE were to scan an alphabetically arranged list of Italy's cities, towns and hamlets, the name of Nocera dei Pagani would possibly command no special attention. No attempt would be made to ascertain whether it is famous in the annals of secular or ecclesiastical history. Yet this town lays rightful claim to distinction on both scores. The words of the Psalmist in praise of Sion: "Glorious things are said of thee," would form a most suitable inscription welcoming the traveller to sojourn in its midst. Let us briefly examine the twofold title to fame enjoyed by this seemingly obscure spot on Italy's map.

Nocera dei Pagani lies 25 miles south-east of Naples. Before it spreads the plain of Vesuvius with Herculaneum still buried beneath the lava, and Pompeii which is gradually emerging from its ashes. The origin of Nocera (anciently, Nuceria) goes back to the dawn of Roman history, Hannibal having sacked it in 215 B.C. Destroyed more than once by earthquakes, it always rose anew after each catastrophe, remaining ever the majestic queen of the valley. The appellation, *dei pagani*, "of the pagans" dates probably from the ninth century because of a Saracen colony established there with the connivance of the Dukes of Naples.

The name of Nocera dei Pagani merits a place likewise in the annals of church history. Its episcopal see is believed to date from the apostolic age, and its first Bishop, Priscus, to have been martyred by Nero. In the castle of this town, the angelic son of Charles II of Naples was born in 1274. He is known in the Church as St. Louis of Toulouse, whose young Archbishop he was for a few months. He was the great-nephew of St. Louis of France, and nephew of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It was in Nocera that the Sovereign Pontiffs, Gregory VII and Urban VI, found a refuge against their enemies. But if you ask one of the modern inhabitants of the place what constitutes its glory, and why a tourist should direct his steps thither, he will proudly answer that St.

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Alphonsus de Liguori — Poet, Musician, Bishop, Founder, and Doctor of the Church — passed long years there as Superior-General of his Congregation; that there in his little cell the Saint gave up his holy soul to God; and that Nocera jealously guards and preserves his venerated tomb.

IN HIS lifetime and down to our days, St. Alphonsus had received numerous encomiums from the Supreme Pastors of the Church, both because of his sterling virtues, as well as for the many valuable writings with which he has enriched the Church. The 256th successor of St. Peter, Pope Pius IX, signally honored St. Alphonsus in deed and in word. During the long reign of this Pontiff (1846-1878) there occurred fanatical uprisings in the Papal States. The Pope was denounced as a traitor, his prime-minister was stabbed to death, and His Holiness was besieged in the Quirinal. In disguise, he fled to Gaeta in southern Italy. Here King Ferdinand of Naples offered hospitality to his exiled guest and spiritual sovereign. Whilst in exile, the Supreme Pontiff, moved by veneration for St. Alphonsus, determined to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of our Saint. Accordingly on Oct. 8, 1849, the Pope and his retinue set out for Nocera. In the entourage of His Holiness, were King Ferdinand, Count Trapani, Cardinal Antonelli (the Papal Secretary-of-State), and Mgr. Cogle, late General of the Redemptorists who was now Grand Almoner to the King.

Pope Pius IX celebrated Mass at the altar beneath which lie St. Alphonsus' sacred remains. Mass being finished, the Pope knelt down at the shrine containing the body of the Saint. He then exchanged his own pastoral ring for the one which encircles the finger of the Saint. This was not the only exchange, for the Saint protected the persecuted Pontiff, and the Holy Father on his part honored his Protector and the spiritual family of Alphonsus. On July 7, 1871, Pius IX solemnly conferred on St. Alphonsus the title of Doctor of the Church. We may regard this added dignity as the Church's reward to her faithful son, who at the advanced age of 75, though a victim of pains both of body and soul, wrote one of the first apologetic works of his day, entitled: "The Truth of the Faith," in which he devotes a lengthy chapter to the defense of Papal Infallibility. In 1866, the same Pope Pius IX confided the miraculous Image of our Lady of Perpetual Help to the custody of the sons of St. Alphonsus. This Pope was amongst the first to visit the

Sacred Icon in its new home, the Church of Sant' Alfonso on the Esquiline Hill, Rome; and his name stands first in the register of the Arch-Confraternity of our Lady of Perpetual Help in that favored sanctuary of Mary.

TODAY another Pius sits on the Throne of the Fisherman. Though his august person and dignity enjoy safety and protection in the country of his birth, still, abroad, the ravaging wolves of anti-clericalism and communism are hounding, wounding and scattering the sheep of his pasture. May the children of the Church in all lands turn to St. Alphonsus with prayerful hearts and lips that the great doctor of Prayer intercede with the Divine Shepherd and Bishop of Souls for the earthly Watchman of the Flock and for the sheep and lambs confided to his care.

Social Examen of Conscience

In the *Christian Democrat*, published by the Catholic Social Guild of Oxford, England, Mr. M. B. Willison asks some personal questions worthy of consideration by Catholics who desire to see "better times" here in our own country.

"First as to investments. How many of those claiming to be supporters of the principles of the Encyclicals, have money in concerns which are socially injurious? . . .

"How many of us own slum property? Or refuse to let our houses to families with several children?

"How many of us attempt to ascertain, let alone protest against, the conditions in factories or ships where our dividends are earned? . . .

"Lastly, an examination of our shopping habits. . . . We may not all be investors or landlords. We *are* all shoppers. How far are Catholics . . . contributing to the evils which they condemn, by their patronage of establishments guilty of sweating their workers? Should we shop at chain stores, cut price shops, street markets, in preference to the personally-owned shop? And on this question of shopping, do we contribute to the failure of the small shop keeper, small dress-maker, or other craftsman, by negligence in paying him the account? This is a well-known factor in the struggle of the small man against the combine. . . .

"It is useless to talk about social injustice and at the same time contribute towards its continuance."



THE PILLAR OF FIRE CHURCH

F. A. Ryan

The Pillar of Fire Church was organized in the year 1901 in Colorado, and is one of many examples of Protestant denominations founded on the resentment of women against being excluded from the pulpit and other ministerial offices.

The sect was founded by Mrs. Alma White, the wife of a Methodist minister, who, against the practice and rule of the Methodist Church at that time, insisted on occupying her husband's pulpit from time to time. She turned out to be a powerful preacher, creating a great deal of interest, and ultimately, arousing the opposition and jealousy of Methodist bishops and elders.

Despite all opposition, she continued to preach and before long, began organizing independent missions of her own. Originally she had planned merely to organize a missionary society within the Methodist Church for the conversion of sinners. However, adherence to the older sect meant too many restrictions — so the old ties were severed, the poetic Scriptural name "Pillar of Fire Church" adopted, incorporation for the holding of property effected, and another sect was launched among the 200-odd Protestant sects already in existence. Today it numbers approximately 50 Churches in the United States.

The character of the Pillar of Fire Church is essentially revivalistic, as the name indicates. It believes that Baptism is only a sign of inward regeneration, not an indispensable means; and bases the emotional exhortations of its preaching upon the belief that Christ is soon to return. Of course, an important element in its form is the giving of equal rights to women and men to become preachers and ministers.

The Pillar of Fire Church is testimony to the universal divisibility of Protestantism because of its basic principle that every individual has a right to make religion what he pleases and to start a religion if he pleases. In this instance, it shows how slender is the pretext needed to form a new religion when there is no real authority in the old. Nay more: it shows that even those who claim the Scriptures as absolute rule of faith and discipline, as did Mrs. White, can contradict their own claim. For St. Paul says in Holy Scripture: "Let women be silent in Church."

SUMMONED AT NOON

SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUTH

FERNANDA: A UNIVERSITY GIRL OF TODAY

A. T. Zeller

A STORY is told of St. Peter Alcantara. A friend came to visit him one day, and began to complain long and persistently about all the evils and scandals that, as he said, really made the world seem like a great mountain of sin. The Saint listened patiently. Finally he said:

"My dear friend, why all these complaints? There is a simple remedy, isn't there?"

"What!" replied the man. "A remedy to remove all these great and dreadful evils?"

"Yes," answered the Saint, "a very simple remedy. Let us begin ourselves to be just what we ought to be, then at least as far as we are concerned, the evils are at an end. But," concluded the Saint, "that's just the trouble — everybody is thinking about reforming his neighbor and nobody is seriously intent upon improving himself. And so the evil remains everywhere."

It is something worth recalling in the midst of our present day evils and conflicts. While combating social injustice, while trying to counteract and foil the insidious spread of Communism, while taking our part manfully in Catholic Action, we cannot forget the work of self-improvement.

It is related of President Garfield that, when he was a boy, he was once asked what he would be when he grew up. His answer was:

"First of all I am going to try to be a man; if I become that, I shall be fit for anything; if I do not, I shall not be fit for anything."

And it is just in this regard that studying the lives of those who have made real Christians of themselves is of real service.

FERNANDA LORENZONI, an Italian girl, died July 18, 1930, at the age of twenty-four.

Her life, we might say, begins with sorrow. We would almost have

said—in unfavorable circumstances. Her father died when she was three years old. The mother was not an ideal example or guide for the little girl—she was left a young, fascinating, attractive widow, fond of a worldly life. She contemplated marriage with a Jewish gentleman, but died before it was realized. Fernanda was then 9 years old.

One great blessing the girl had: it was the memory of her father. She shows what it must have meant to her, in an entry in her diary years later:

"The figure of my father, tall, brown, almost severe, yet gentle, comes before me, causing a feeling of affection and veneration. All tell me how good he was, that there was about him a sad sweetness of character which is evident enough in his letters which were full of high ideals, such as reveal a soul out of the common. . . . The figure of a father appears as a support, that of a mother is a refuge. But often the soul of a man possesses within, a marvelous, exquisite maternal delicacy which, united to his manhood, is the most ideal thing that can be conceived. . . ."

This loss was deeply felt by the girl in later childhood as we can see from her words:

"I love my father because I can see an affinity in our spirits which unites us, the same sorrow in life at diverse periods; the want of human comprehension. But I hope and believe in the divine comprehension. Although so small, I remember having asked mamma: 'And I have no longer a Papa? Why do I see him no more? and why does he not speak to me?' And in reply she tried to make me understand the mystery of death."

This loneliness made itself felt still more later on. She was hardly seven when she was put into the "Duchess Isabella" a school for children of the better class. While witnessing a first Communion later on, she is reminded of her own great day, and writes:

"How fortunate these children who this morning have received Jesus in such innocence! I recalled the day of my first Communion. I remembered how sad it was, how much I wept and went away to hide my childish grief which was yet so profound, for already I understood many things."

Fernanda was not yet eight years old then. She looked forward evidently to the great day. It was a great feast for all the First Communicants at the school. Their parents were there to share their joy.

One girl stood alone, with none to greet her — Fernanda. Her mother was sick and none of her relatives gave her a thought. As she stood there, a forlorn little creature, she suddenly felt a lump in her throat and her big black eyes filled with tears. She fled to the chapel and took refuge behind the altar close to the tabernacle. There she let her tears flow, crying to Jesus who had come to her a short while before. Nor did He fail to console her.

SHORTLY after her mother died, Fernanda was taken by her grandfather, — “whitehaired and so good and gentle, one I could really love, one who gave proof, by his watchful care, of his true affection.” Having lost his first wife, he married again, and once more the girl had to accustom herself to a new “mother.” She was really a good woman, as Fernanda realized later. For looking back at that time she says:

“The sufferings I experienced at my grandfather’s marriage, the contrast between the principles of his new wife, primitive, simple and sound as they were morally, — with those of my mamma, who had allowed me so much liberty and luxury, satisfying my every fancy, was really a benefit. A wholesome reaction sustained my exterior and interior rebellion, giving equilibrium to my instincts and also modifying my ideals. I learned to follow the example of this woman, so wise and attached to home, and began to like her, to love the house and family, and with the enthusiasm which characterized all my tendencies, devoted myself much to these things.”

When her grandfather died, Fernanda, twelve years old, felt that death keenly. “Oh, how I came to realize,” she writes, “how much I was to lose in life and for life! Certain signs of love, humble, silent and sincere which he had shown towards me, only fully prized when death carries away the one we have not known how rightly to appreciate.”

Again she was alone. For good woman that her grandmother was, she did not understand Fernandas nature. And when she married again, a short time after and had a child, Fernanda was completely forgotten.

For a while she drifted like a ship without a rudder, from one companionship to another. Finally she fell in love with a young officer, a student of law.

“It was my only dream of real love,” she writes later, “Having learnt something of the first sweetness of love, I began to look forward

to its completion and the happiness of a union consecrated to God. But the day came when he realized that the duties of life demanded that he should conserve his liberty for a much longer period of time, and that I was not sufficiently mature for the duties of a wife and mother."

So he left her. It was a heavy blow to Fernanda. Yet it brought a satisfaction: the failure of human love made her turn to God for the consolation she failed to find in creatures. Once more there came to the surface ideals which had been forming vaguely from childhood days. For in that checkered life of hers we find early indications of a higher vocation. She herself tells us, speaking about the time when she was seven years old:

"From my earliest years I was dominated by a strong altruism, a natural love of my neighbor, the more remarkable as no one ever taught it to me. . . . My mother while always showing herself generous towards humble folk, always kept them at a distance. I, on the contrary, felt an attraction for them, all the more so, because in such contrast to my own life.

"When away out in the country at Andrate, I used to get away from the house, asking permission to go and play in the fields. But in fact I went to a very poor family near by, consisting of three orphan children and a lazy, drunken father — their mother having died some time before. Two of the children worked tirelessly in the fields, the third, a poor paralyzed little girl of three, was left with none to care for her the whole day long. I remember I did the humblest things. Swept the room, cleaned the stove, washed the poor little one and dressed her. She was a beautiful child and to get up to her on her bed to dress her required an acrobatic performance from me, because it was so high.

"Every day I went there and on returning was always fearful of the questions that might be asked me. Some of this work rather repelled me; but I did it with a good heart all the same. Jesus perhaps already smiled upon me, but as yet I did not know Him."

A GAIN at the death of her grandfather, this vague yearning to sacrifice her life for the God made itself felt. "Mamma! Mamma!" she cried in her bereavement, "in this beautiful house I feel irresistibly drawn to you, as if you were present and I would learn from your lips to pronounce the holy name of Jesus. I feel that you, before all, could teach me to know Him and sacrifice my life for Him."

Another circumstance helped to bring clearer light. Finding herself more and more a stranger in her grandmother's house, she decided to leave. Where to go? She was seventeen and had just enrolled in the University of Venice. She turned to the Convent of the Faithful Companions. It was to be her home for life.

Of her state on entering the University, a girl friend of hers, Noma Zampieri, writes: "Her beautiful soul was still not a little disorientated. Some of her ideas were certainly not conformable to the Christian ideal."

Yet the decision was near. Young, attractive, beautiful, — it is not surprising that young men were attracted to her. One young man ardently proposed to her. It awakened a conflict in her soul. Finally she said, no; she had already decided to live with the Sisters at their convent and had applied for admission.

After her entrance into the College of the Faithful Companions her desire to become a religious increased day by day. When this became known, her relatives, who till now had not paid the slightest attention to her, became aroused. Everyone wanted to have something to say.

"They do not know me, they have never shown me the slightest affection or rather any interest in me whatever, — even when I was left quite alone, so that I was obliged to live with a young lady who was put in my house, charged to look after my education.

"Left completely to myself, and my interests, a lover of absolute independence, I was judged unjustly. They never thought to correct me with a little gentleness and never once had a word of affection for me. Too often instead I received their manifest contempt because I showed myself inclined to follow the worldly example of my young mother."

They refused to believe that she had a vocation. They urged her to marry. Others also, noticing her change of conduct, ridiculed her. Meanwhile she went her way, waiting patiently.

"I care little what others may think of my new behavior. . . . I go on with my numerous occupations, every day I go for lessons to the Faithful Companions and thus have opportunity of seeing the good Sisters; then I study.

"Music which is my predilection distracts me. I work for the poor with some of my good friends, and daily make at least one visit of mercy."

Her confessor, whom she met about this time, proved an invaluable help to her. At last her relatives consented. She hastened to make the

fact known to her confessor and made preparations to enter. She was twenty years old. It was decided that she go to Paris for her novitiate.

THEN, during Christmas week, 1926, she was taken sick. It was the first evidence of tuberculosis. The Sisters decided she had better wait. Once more she must sacrifice. That she had learned now; disappointment only strengthened her resolve to live for Christ alone:

"The decision, for my part," she writes, "is void of every possible regret. I am content. Here is another step in life for me.

"I am resolved to stand fast in truth and virtue, in whatever vocation, and this with the help of God I can do.

"Riches and pleasures, these are not my desires — they only produce disgust; here all perishes and passes."

"Love. I satisfy myself with God, loving all in Him and for Him. Even in the world I can give free reign to my love, learning from His adorable Heart the secret of love, the difficult science of leading souls to Him."

As the disease continued and it became evident that she would never be able to enter the convent, she wrote:

"I offer myself to God in humble oblation. I offer all the past years, and those more recent which brought an unforgettable transformation. I offer my life, my death, and my future life so as to become a strong woman, a Christian woman, an apostle. I promise to make my present illness the best of mortifications. I promise obedience to my spiritual father, preparing myself thus for a supernatural life, so as to respond by my prayers and sacrifice to the Divine Call."

For three years she carried on. Despite the disease that would finally carry her off, she was yet able to be "a strong woman, a Christian woman, an apostle."

(To be continued.)

All that is bitter, as well as all that is sweet in this life, comes from the love of God for us.

A Christian must suffer more than the ordinary man; and a saint more than an ordinary Christian. — *St. Augustine.*

To those whom God loves, trials are not chastisements but graces. — *Cure of Ars.*

Catholic Anecdotes



TIME TO LAUGH

The human side of the loveable St. Philip Neri, and his love of a good joke, appears in this anecdote that is told of him:

His disciple, Baronius, the great historian and writer of the lives of the saints, was a very sober and serious young man. One day St. Philip took him with him to a wedding celebration. After the banquet, each of the guests was called upon to contribute his part to the gaiety of the occasion. There were songs and speeches and laughter in abundance.

Through it all, Baronius sat as sober as usual. Finally St. Philip turned to him and said:

"Now, Baronius, it is your turn. Strike up the *Miserere* for us."

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE

In the midst of all the unchristian attacks on the Jews as a race that mar the records of our current history, it is pleasant to recall the story that is told of Pope Pius IX, which Bishop Noll resurrected from the files of the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati and re-published in the *Acolyte* some months ago.

Shortly after his coronation, Pius IX was riding toward the Ghetto in Rome, when his carriage was held up by the presence of a crowd of people in the street, surrounding a man who had fallen to the ground in a fit.

"What is it?" asked the Pope.

"Only a Jew," answered a Christian standing by.

"Is not a Jew a man and a brother?" said the Pope. "Make way for us!" And he stepped from his carriage.

The crowd opened for the Pope to approach. The man lay gasping on the ground where no one would touch him. Pius IX took him in his arms, bore him to his carriage, and ordered his coachman to drive to the Jew's home. When the man had recovered, the Pope left him with a present of money and his blessing.

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Not long after this, a deputation of Jews, old and bearded men, called at the Vatican. They requested to be admitted into the presence of Pope Pius IX, and bowing before him, they offered him an exquisite antique golden chalice, priceless in worth, begging him to accept it as a token of their gratitude to him for his kindness to one of their race.

The pope was greatly touched by their deed, and said to them:

"I accept your magnificent gift, my children, with pleasure and gratitude. Will you tell me how much it is worth?"

"It weighs 550 Roman scudi," answered the chief of the deputation.

The Pope stepped to the table and wrote on a piece of paper: "Good for 1,000 scudi. Pius IX." He handed the slip to the leader, saying: "Accept in your turn a small pledge of my love for my poor Hebrew children. Divide it among the poor families of the Ghetto, in the name of Pio Nono." The men tried to decline the gift, offering to raise four times as much themselves for the poor, but the Pope would not accept a refusal. The money had to be spent in his name for the poor.

THE LIGHTER LOAD

Two angels, says an old legend, were sent out from heaven one day to gather the prayers of men. As they neared the earth, they were deeply impressed by the great beauty all about them. There were great orchards laden with fruit, fields golden with ripening grain, green pastures, and peace and plenty everywhere.

"Let us divide our work," said one of the angels. "See, my bag is much larger than yours. Therefore I shall gather the prayers of praise and thanksgiving for all these beautiful things, while you, with your smaller bag, may gather the complaints and petitions."

So they separated, each going about his work. At sunset they met again.

"Oh!" exclaimed the angel with the small bag, "how busy they've kept me! This bag did not begin to hold all the complaints and petitions, so I had to make three trips. Who would imagine that men could be so discontented!"

"And I," said the other angel sadly, "found my bag far too large. I have looked about all day where people seemed to have all that their hearts could desire, and yet I have in my bag only one little 'Thank you.'"

Pointed Paragraphs

PATRONAL SALUTE

The Liguorian takes its name from the grand old Neopolitan family that gave to the Church and the world St. Alphonsus Liguori. His feast day is August 2nd, and because both the inspiration and model we need for our work comes from St. Alphonsus Liguori, we cannot pass the month by without a reverent salute to both his genius and his zeal.

We salute him as one of the foremost journalists of all time. True, he was not a journalist in the sense in which the word is used today. But he was a journalist in the essential sense that he believed in the power of the written word, and in a day long before advertising became a big business, he believed that the truths of religion should be advertised throughout the world.

So firmly did he believe this that even when he was sick and confined to his bed, he would have a lay-brother do his research work for him, carrying books to his bedside, reading to him, providing him with writing materials, so that the voice of Catholic truth might not be silenced even while he was ill. Let those who talk about modern journalists as indefatigable in the work of their calling, know that there will never be one more indefatigable in publicizing truth than Alphonsus Liguori.

We salute him as the father of the best-seller. Again, not the best-selling novel, or the best selling muck-raking biography, but he is the father of the kind of best-selling books that save and sanctify immortal souls. The figures are astounding: millions of copies, thousands of editions, scores of translations of his books on Prayer and Perfection and the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Mother and kindred subjects have made his name a household word around the globe.

We salute him as father and founder of the Redemptorists, who publish the Liguorian in his name. "Like father like son" is an old adage, but sometimes it is difficult to make the adage real. So it is our hope and our prayer that through the Liguorian we may grow progressively more like him who is our father, and who deserves to be called one of the founders of modern Catholic journalism and advertising for the happiness and salvation of souls.

SEATTLE SAYS NO

In the last issue of *The Liguorian*, the anti-religious convention of Judge Rutherford and his Witnesses of Jehovah in Seattle was described and the question was asked: "Must Americans stand for such effrontery under the shibboleth of the sanctity of freedom of speech?"

Seattle has answered the question with a resounding No. Before, during and after the meetings of the convention, in which Catholics, Protestants and Jews were all flayed as instruments of Satan, protests stormed the City Council which had rented the Civic Auditorium to the Rutherfordites, and the principal radio stations which broadcast the diatribes. The Catholic *Northwest Progress*, diocesan weekly of Seattle, Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy, the Catholic Truth Society, leading Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis, all registered their vigorous disapproval.

That was not all. Tens of thousands of individual citizens kept the telephone wires buzzing with expressions of displeasure to the radio stations in and out of Seattle that carried the convention and also to their advertisers. Shortly afterward trucks began to return to their warehouses with more than half their goods refused by grocers and consumers because they had been advertised over the offending stations. Leading advertisers at once canceled their contracts with these stations.

The result was a speedy apology on the part of Station KOL of Seattle, published in advertising space in all the local papers as follows: "Radio Station KOL offers its sincere apology to religious minded people for permitting its broadcasting facilities to be used by Judge Rutherford on Sunday, June 5, to deliver an attack on organized religion. The regrettable lapse in policy that countenanced a broadcast so offensive to our listeners will not be repeated."

A committee of the City Council of Seattle recommended passage of an ordinance which would prohibit renting the Civic auditorium or any other city owned building for any meeting that will tend to engender religious or social antagonism.

The experience of Seattle will have a good effect throughout the country. It will publicize the real nature of Judge Rutherford's organization and will put other cities on their guard against permitting him the facilities at their command.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

The *Catholic Herald Citizen*, which has made some very interesting surveys on social issues in the past, comes up with one on "Success in Marriage" in one of its recent issues. A large number of both married and single persons were asked "what factors do you consider most essential to a happy marriage and in what order do you rate them?" The answers provide a healthy morsel for mental digestion on the part of brides-and bridegrooms-to-be.

The married women gave first place by a large vote to "agreement in religion." Since brides-to-be will be most interested and enlightened by their experienced older sisters' vote on all the factors involved, we give the rest of them at once.

After agreement in religion, they vote as follows on the requirements for a happy wedded life: 2) Love of children; 3) Income. (Note: Though *The Ladies Home Journal* poll decided that troubles over money cause the breakup of most marriages, this group decides that income is not nearly so necessary for happiness as religion and love of children.) 4) Love. (Note: It may be first in the story-books and musical comedies, but experienced wives place it fourth in importance.) 5) Pleasant disposition. 6) Similar tastes. 7) Social standing. 8) Family reputation.

The votes of the other three classes interrogated, i.e., married men, single men and single women, differed slightly from those of the married women. Their rating was as follows, with minor exceptions among the classes: 1) Love. 2) Religion. 3) Income. (Some placed mutual sacrifice third, which can come to the same thing as "Income".) 4) Love of children. 5) Pleasant disposition. 6) Social standing. 7) Equal education. 8) Family reputation.

This outline of requirements for a successful marriage is not only interesting, it has a great deal of social value. It would be well for young folks planning marriage to interrogate themselves on the possession of the "indispensables for happiness," which means, of course, those things rated by all in the higher brackets. Then perhaps they can plan for happiness intelligently.

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL PYGMIES

Dr. Hutchins of Chicago University started something with his caustic criticisms of American principles of education some time ago. Voices are being raised here and there, with increasing emphasis, to the

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effect that Americans are living in a fool's paradise, if they think that the godless, materialistic system of education that has been evolved is the perfect answer to all its children's needs.

The latest voice raised against the system is that of Joachim R. Scoppa, a public school superintendent of New York, in an address to the Teacher's Alliance which counts more than 1,100 members. These are some of his statements:

"The biggest blot upon the last generation has been the neglect of mental, moral and spiritual values."

"They tell us to turn out a socially conscious product. It is impossible to turn out a socially conscious human being unless we turn our attention to the spiritual make-up of the human being."

"I cannot believe that American education is so frothy, bereft of all reason, that we, as a people, would set up a system to develop physical giants and spiritual pygmies."

"There has been so much emphasis on such phrases as 'the maximum of self-expression' and 'individual rights' that the child has not been taught that he has certain fundamental obligations. Permitting children to criticize without restraint has produced a generation of ignorant critics."

We quote these things with approval, not because we want to condemn our American schools, but because we are Americans, and want to see American schools do that which is the fundamental purpose of a school, viz., develop mentally, morally and spiritually healthy Americans. We pray that those leaders who are beginning to point out the deficiencies of a system of education that separates the physical and mental from the moral and spiritual will keep hammering away until the fundamental spiritual character of man is provided for in the schools.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

A full page in the *Boston Sunday Post* was recently given to an explanation of what "Catholic Action" means under the title "The Twentieth Century Crusade." The feature was prepared by the Rev. Michael J. Ahearn, S.J., of Weston College.

Designed both to give positive information on Catholic Action and to correct false and prejudiced notions about the plans of Catholics for world transformation, the article starts with these questions: Catholic Action has been called 'the most important historical fact of the mo-

ment'—what is it?" "Is it the germ of a Catholic political movement in this country? Is it in favor of Fascism? Is it anti-Protestant? What are its aims and purposes?"

The answers to these questions show that Catholic Action is not a political movement anywhere in the world. This is stressed by the statement: "Any Catholic office-seeker who would appeal for votes on the plea that his election was necessary for the success of Catholic Action would and should be repudiated by all Catholics. The sole criterion for public office for all Americans is fitness—mental and moral—for the incumbency of that office."

Further answers state that Catholic Action opposes any and every form of totalitarian State, gives the Catholic program for social justice, and emphasizes that Catholic Action is not anti-Protestant or anti-anything. It is "pro Christ and pro God."

This use of the secular papers for enlightening the thousands who have no other access to Catholic information is but one of several instances noted during the past year. We cannot help look upon it as having immeasurable value.

We may write long articles in our Catholic papers and magazines, giving fulsome explanations of the Catholic stand on important issues: but alas, these will not be read by many of those who need the information most. Long ago we should have thought of using space in the secular papers to tell outsiders what we believe and what we are trying to do. Now that it's started, let's hope the practice will grow. It will be the means of destroying much ignorance before it can ripen into prejudice.

RECOMPENSE

Two years after the death of Talleyrand, the notorious apostate priest and politician, his great-niece Pauline was received in audience at Rome by Gregory XVI. On the table lay two letters, which the Pope handed to her. One was Talleyrand's Retractation, made on his death-bed; the other a petition written by Talleyrand fully half a century earlier, when he was still Bishop of Autun, asking for the beatification of Margaret Mary Alacoque.

"The first of these," said the Holy Father, "is the greatest of all the consolations of my Pontificate. As for the second, it is a proof that acts of pious faith never pass unnoticed in Paradise."

-----LIGUORIANA-----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Upon the death of the Emperor Diocletian, his successors, Galerius and Maximilian continued the persecution against the Christians, and our saints were of the number of those who then obtained the crown of martyrdom. Timothy was a native of the town of Perapus in Thebais, and was so exemplary a Christian that his bishop ordained

From:
Victories
of the
Martyrs

him lector. He was married to a Christian lady named Maura, only seventeen years of age; and the marriage

had been solemnized but three weeks, when Arianus, the governor of the province, issued an order for the arrest of Timothy, who had been represented to him as one of the greatest enemies of the gods. When the latter was presented, Arianus said to him:

"Art thou not aware of the edicts of the emperors against those who refuse to sacrifice to the idols?"

Timothy answered: "I am aware of them, but will rather lay down my life than commit such an act of impiety."

"Then," said the governor, "we shall put thee to the torture, and hear how thou wilt speak during the infliction."

The saint resolutely refused to comply, and the barbarous tyrant caused burning irons to be put into his ears, until the violence of the pain caused his eyes to start from their sockets.

After this horrible torture Timothy commenced to return thanks to the Lord; whereupon the tyrant,

more infuriated than before, ordered him to be suspended by the feet, with a large stone tied to his neck, and a kind of bridle on his mouth to prevent him from speaking. Seeing, however, that torments had no effect upon Timothy, he sent for Maura, and told her that she alone could save her husband from death, as by her tears she might induce him to sacrifice to the gods. She went accordingly to the place, and seeing him in so piteous a condition, endeavored to induce him to abandon the faith. Timothy, whose mouth had been unbridled that he might answer his wife, replied:

"How is it possible, O Maura, that, being thyself a Christian, instead of animating me to die for the faith, thou dost tempt me to abandon it; and thus, to obtain a short and miserable existence here, expose myself to the never-ending pains of hell? Is this, then, thy love?"

Maura was instantly converted by this rebuke; and casting herself on her knees, besought Jesus Christ, with many penitent tears, to forgive her. She then asked pardon of her husband, and exhorted him to remain firm in his profession of faith, expressing at the same time a desire to sacrifice her life in atonement for her fault, and be the happy companion of his martyrdom. Timothy, much consoled by the repentance of his wife, told her that her last words had caused him to forget his past sufferings, and that she should forthwith return to the governor to retract her first step, and to express her desire

of dying for Jesus Christ. Maura at first was afraid to trust her own weakness; but Timothy prayed for her so effectually, that the Lord granted her grace and strength to execute the orders of her pious husband.

The governor, surprised at her sudden change, endeavored to dissuade her from her holy purpose, by promising to obtain for her an advantageous match upon her husband's death, but Maura replied that after his death she would have no other spouse than Jesus Christ. Hereupon Arianus caused her hair to be violently pulled out and her fingers cut off; after which she was immersed in a caldron of boiling water, from which, however, she came out uninjured. Arianus was much affected by this miracle, and it contributed much to his conversion, which happened a few days after. Before the martyrdom of the saints, however, he had not that happiness; and lest he should be remiss in executing the orders of the emperor, he caused the saint to be tortured with burning sulphur and pitch, after which she was sentenced to be crucified, together with her husband.

While she was proceeding to the place of execution, her mother, shedding many tears, embraced her; but the saint, freeing herself from her parent's embrace, hastened to the cross. The husband and wife were crucified one opposite to the other; and in order that their agonies might be prolonged, they were not strangled. They continued to live in this state for some days, during which they ceased not to bless the Lord, and to encourage each other with the hope that they would soon be united to Jesus Christ in heaven. These two saints

obtained the crown of their glorious martyrdom on the 19th of December, in the beginning of the fourth century.

Their festival is kept by the Greeks, and also by the Muscovites. There was a church at Constantinople dedicated to God in honor of these martyrs.

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I have a soul and if I lose it, all is lost! I have a soul, and if I were to gain the whole world and in the end lose that soul, what would the gaining of the world profit me then? For where are now the dignities, the pleasures, the luxuries of all those great ones of the world whose bodies are moldering in the dust, and whose souls are a prey of the fire of hell? My salvation is, therefore, of the highest importance to me, for eternal happiness is at stake.

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The wicked have said to God: *Depart from us!* — When a man consents to mortal sin he says to God: "Go out from my soul, O Lord, and make room for Satan!" Our Blessed Lord complained to St. Bridget, saying: "I am like a monarch banished from his dominions, and on my throne is placed the vilest of plunderers!"

~

The great name of Mary, which was given to the divine Mother, did not come to her from her parents, nor was it given to her by the mind or will of man, as is the case with other names given to children, but it came from heaven, as many of the holy Fathers tell us, and was given by a Divine ordinance. "The name of Mary came from the treasury of the Divinity."

Book Reviews

MARIOLOGY

Mary—My Mother.

By Rev. Jos. Schryvers, C.Ss.R. English translation revised and adapted by Rev. John F. Coll, C.Ss.R. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers, 1118 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 140 pages. Price, 25 cents.

"Unless you become as little children," said Christ, "you shall not enter the Kingdom of heaven." To many this is a hard saying, involving a great deal of violence to the character of a mature man or woman. Yet one of the characteristics of childhood is complete dependence upon a mother, and it is our conviction that Christ had in mind the fact that Mary His mother had been destined to be the spiritual mother of men when He bade them be like children. To be a child means to have a mother with an inexhaustible supply of love and strength and forgiveness on whom to lean. Men and women can and must be children in the sense that they look to Mary as such a mother.

This little book is written for those who see nothing hard or strained in clinging like children to the love and strength of Mary their Mother throughout life. There is nothing sophisticated about its reasoning, nothing mysterious about its recommendations. It speaks in a gently persuasive loving manner about one of the most precious inheritances of all Christian people—the great good Mother whom God gave as a means to draw them to Himself. It is fitting that the author of the popular compendium of asceticism entitled: "Our Divine Friend" should have written this beautiful booklet about the "Mother of Our Divine Friend." The English adaptation will remind no one of a translation; it has the flawless simplicity that its beautiful subject demands.—D. F. M.

Mary's Part in Our Redemption. By Canon George D. Smith, Ph.D., D.D. Published by Kenedy. 187 pages. Price, \$1.75.

This book represents a theologian's study of the place of Mary in the pro-

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

gram of man's redemption. In authentic theological style, it first establishes the idea of redemption as applied to Christ's work for mankind, and then with painstaking logic shows how from the begin-

ning He wished Mary to take part in it. Here the necessity of the theologian's analysis of doctrines of faith that have not been defined in all their exactness of meaning becomes eminently clear: for the author shows two things: 1) What kind of redemptive work cannot be ascribed to Mary—and by so doing safeguards preachers and popular writers from making misleading and even rash or heretical statements; and 2) what can be attributed to Mary as redemptive work; that is, the limits within which no statement or expression would be an exaggeration because within those limits Mary's work is so absolutely unique and powerful. The thesis of this part of the work may be put thus: Because Mary herself needed to be redeemed and was redeemed in the unique manner of being preserved through the merits of the blood of Jesus Christ from original sin, it cannot be said that she is the principal or equal or complementary or even satisfactory cause of the redemption of mankind; but because she was so perfectly conformed to him, because his redemptive work found so perfect a subject in her that she was united to Him from the beginning, she is first and foremost among those who by their merits impetrate redemption for mankind. Having established this, the author goes on to show what exalted truths are really contained in it, how Mary is our Mother, how omnipotent in supplication; how truly the mediatrix of all graces. The book is therefore a solid compendium of Mariology.—D. F. M.

HISTORY

The Church in United States History. America's Debt to Catholicism. Adapted with the author's permission by F. A. Fink. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana.

Though this remarkable little book

may be styled controversial in the very best meaning of that word, there is yet not one unpleasant line in all its two hundred fourteen pages. The straightforwardness and boldness with which it sets forth facts that cannot be denied, is tempered with a soothing calm of style which delights while convincing.

The purpose of the little book is twofold. To show to those who are willing to be convinced how thoroughly American a staunch and faithful Catholic may and ought to be, which point is fully demonstrated by historical examples that speak for themselves; and to fill the Catholic reader with firmer Catholic principles and a stronger loyalty to his beloved country which Catholic philosophy and the heroic struggles of Catholics for the truths of that philosophy have founded and confirmed in those liberties which all Americans enjoy.

The author never intended to write a complete and detailed history. His purpose was to show by topical history that in every crisis through which our beloved America has passed, she always emerged triumphantly American because in the Providence of God, she was fortunate enough to have among her loyalest subjects, strong Catholics who by their preaching and action steered her through the darkness of error and through the mists of prejudice to the truth which was Catholic and at the same time most American.

Some of the chapters that merit very special mention are: "The Origin of the Catholic Question," "George Calvert, First Lord Baltimore," "Cecilius and Leonard Calvert," "Roger Williams," "Thomas Dongan," "Eve of the American Revolution," "The Constitution of the United States," "Bishop John England," "The Pioneer Catholic Press."

The little book is solidly instructive and absorbingly interesting. — E. A. M.

PHILOSOPHY

Theodicy. By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Pp. x-300. Price, \$2.00.

In this volume Father Glenn has given us a course in Natural Theology well adapted to the needs and conditions of a college curriculum. The work is divided into three general sections: The existence of God; His nature; His operations. Each of these sections is developed with a wealth of illustration and example

which serves to make this rather difficult matter both easy and interesting. There are several points which are but briefly treated, and many more which are entirely omitted. But in a work which is intended to serve as only a foundation in theodicy, this limitation is an advantage rather than a fault. Those who are desirous of further studies in this field will have a good foundation upon which to build. — C. W.

ASCETICISM

Peace. Compiled and edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by Benziger. 128 pages. Price, \$1.00.

Father Lasance adds to his many other inspirational booklets and prayer-books one on a very important subject for our times — Peace. As with his other books on kindred subjects, he does not project a closely reasoned or original treatise; he gathers his thoughts and quotations almost at random from masters, and presents them for random moments of meditation in busy lives. One thing he does stress and restress in this booklet on peace: it is that Peace can be found only in strong faith in the Providence of God and conformity to His Will. That we submit, is a lesson that might well be preached from every pulpit and every housetop to a world that is troubled and restless because it depends on man and not on God. — D. F. M.

PAMPHLETS

A Shrewd Investment. By Wm. F. Hendrix, S.J. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 21 pages. Single copies, 10c postpaid. Lot prices.

A short story of a young man and his wife — heirs to a fortune. And you can't outdo the Lord in generosity. Few will ever have the chance to follow Colbrook's example — but ALL can do it at least in a small way. — M. S. B.

Our Lady of Lourdes. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 36 pages. Single copy, 10c postpaid. Lot prices.

A good story is worth repeating. Here, briefly, is repeated the story of Lourdes. Then follows the impressions made on a newspaper reporter when he dropped in at a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in an American city. Prayers are included which may be used for the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, or for a novena to Our Blessed Mother under this title. — M. S. B.



Catholic Comment



An American Protestant Bishop, a Professor of the most richly endowed American university, and the President of the Borough of Manhattan in New York—were all present at a recent meeting of the "North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy" in New York City. The best proof of the fact that the "democracy" of the Committee means "Communism" arose spontaneously at the meeting: The *Internationale*—world-wide communist anthem, was sung, and the three representatives of American religion, education and civic authority all stood reverently during the singing just as good Americans do during the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Other indications that there is no longer any pretence about the supporters of Red Spain—that they are supporting Communism actively and deliberately,—were given by the frequent use of the clenched fist salute—the salute of Communism—and by the fact that when the names *Russia* or *Stalin* were used by speakers (as they were freely) there was always loud and boisterous cheering. The bishop, representing American "religion" in behalf of Communism, was James J. McConnell, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the educator was Dr. Walter B. Cannon, of the Harvard Medical School; the President of Manhattan Borough was Stanley W. Isaacs.

●

A reader in Pittsburgh writes to congratulate us on the stand we have invariably taken in regard to indecent magazines and newspapers, but adds some trenchant remarks about a form of indecency that is being all but overlooked in the general castigation of the modern trend towards denudation. It is the vogue (almost universal by now) of abbreviated bathing suits worn by men. How fashion can stultify the normal instincts of otherwise decent men to the point of sending them forth on the public beaches in a skimpy loin cloth that is disgusting in its exhibitionism and revolting in its bad taste is a mystery to us. The general run of our noble American manhood must like this chance to exhibit themselves like savages, because manufacturers state there is little market for more decent bathing attire. And there are people who are still trying to figure out why immorality is on the increase!

●

The effect of vile photographs and reading matter has never been more clearly demonstrated than by an incident that occurred in Philadelphia some time ago. A 19 year old burglar entered a home to rob. While searching for valuables, he found a book with photographs of a nudist camp. He devoured the pictures and was aroused to a different purpose than robbery. He waited for the arrival of the owners, murdered one woman and assaulted the other. . . . All kinds of lessons emerge from the incident. Not the least of them is the fact that the victim of the murderer paid a terrible retribution for her own morbid sex-curiosity, because it was her gallery of nudes that stimulated the criminal instincts of the attacker. The furore of public indignation was directed, no doubt, against the criminal; but let not the buyers and readers of printed filth forget the responsibility of the one who provided the occasion. *Everyone who buys a dirty book*

THE LIGURIAN

or magazine is helping to feed the passions of morons and perverts, to say nothing of what they are doing to themselves.

At the 150th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, Dr. Samuel G. Graig read a paper in which he implored his Protestant brethren to take up the study of neo-scholastic philosophy. He began, as he could hardly refrain from doing, by professing his anti-Roman Catholic faith, and then proceeded to extoll the philosophy, which, once understood and accepted, will plummet any man into the bosom of the ancient Church. "I am," he said, "as unalterably opposed to Rome as were our fathers, and yet as matters stand today, I cannot but regard them, to a large extent at least, as friends and allies against an enemy that would eradicate Christianity, root and branch. Thence he went on to prove the value of scholastic philosophy, both in the form in which St. Thomas Aquinas presented it and as it is being taught by Catholics today. If Dr. Craig continues his studies in scholastic philosophy, he will end a Catholic, despite his unalterable opposition to Rome. Perhaps he is already "on the road that leads back home."

Note on modern civilization: A radio announcer flashed this bulletin over the air waves recently: "A crowd of more than ten thousand horrified spectators watched John Ward leap to his death from the 17th floor of a New York Hotel. He had been on the ledge for more than eleven hours while the crowd below gradually grew larger and larger." We can imagine how horrified these thousands of spectators were, who had waited long hours for the suicidal jump. Perhaps the radio bulletin would have been more accurate had it said: "A crowd of delighted spectators watched John Ward leap to his death." That is what they were waiting for, and no doubt as soon as the death leap was taken, they went off contented to their homes. It is even a debatable question whether John would have jumped at all if he had not had so enthusiastic an audience. Possibly if no crowd had gathered below, if everybody except those who were officially or personally concerned had gone about their business and paid no attention to him, John Ward would have climbed back through the window and gone about his own business. But no. The thousands of horrified spectators were looking for a show: it was not for John Ward to disappoint them.

A lesson to the world might be the title of the story of Dr. Douglas Hyde's recent election and inauguration as president of Ireland. The lesson is the sorely needed one of tolerance, good-will, lack of prejudice in matters where a difference in religion is involved. The Irish are a people of strong loyalties; of intense and unyielding Catholic faith; of true patriotism as strong as that of any citizenry in the world. Yet when it came to election of a president for the newly formed government, and Dr. Hyde, a Protestant, was suggested as a fit and worthy candidate, no outcry of an overwhelmingly Catholic population was heard. He is in office now, and so long as he remains, the nations which make issues of religious differences, and even have "unwritten laws" to the effect that no adherent of such and such a religion shall ever hold the highest office in the land, will have an object-lesson in fairness, and a rebuke to their intolerance before their eyes. Catholic Ireland again leads the way.

Lucid Intervals

"He's pretty close, isn't he?"

"Close, I should say he is. He lives on soup in order to keep from wearing out the filling in his teeth."

*

Sam, an old darky who had worked on a plantation down South all his life, decided to go North on his vacation. So, after the crops were in he started out. When he came to New England it was October, and he shivered plenty. When he got to Canada, it was 20 degrees below.

One morning he was found in the street, frozen to death. His master was wired, and instructions were given to cremate the body.

About an hour after his body had been placed in the crematory, the man in charge opened the door to see how the job was coming along. "Hey," shouted Sam. "Shut dat doah; dere's a powahful draft acomin' in heah."

*

The governor picked up the phone and called long distance. "I want to speak to Killer Demoff, at the state prison," he said excitedly.

"Sorry," a voice answered, "but your party has just hung up."

*

"Who ever told that guy he was a prof? He might know it, but be darned if he can teach it. The trouble is that he is too far advanced. Every time he tries to explain something he gets so far off the subject that no one understands anything about it. He ought to go back to the farm, or try teaching an advanced course. . . ."

"Yeeaaa, I flunked it too."

*

"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"

"Well, do you want me to get up and oil it?"

*

The little boy's favorite uncle was to be married the following Wednesday, and the boy was questioning his mother about the wedding.

"Mother," he said, "the last three days they give them anything they want to eat, don't they?"

Little Audrey and her mother were seeing a chariot race. The chariot containing the only woman contestant was capsized at a corner. Little Audrey just laughed and laughed because she knew it couldn't have Ben Hur.

*

"Lulubelle, when we gits married you-all ain't gwine to give up dat good job yo' has, is you?"

"But ain't we gwine to hab no honey-moon an' take our trip on de train somewhere?"

"One ob us might go, honey. Dey ain't a thing holdin' me, but yo's got 'spon-sibilities.'"

*

The teacher was explaining the difference between the stately rose and the modest violet.

"You see, children," she said, "a beautiful, well-dressed woman walks along the street, but she is proud and does not greet anybody—that is the rose. But behind her comes a small creature with bowed head—"

"Yes, miss, I know," Tommy interrupted. "That's her husband."

*

An absent-minded professor has just discovered that he has been changing his shirt every thousand miles and the oil in his car once a week.

*

"Hab you voted, Rufus?"

"Yassah, I'se voted."

"How did you-all vote?"

"Well, it wuz dis way. Ah meets a Republican on de street an' he gibs me 'leven dollahs to vote his ticket. An' Ah meet a Democrat an' he gibs me seven dollahs to vote his ticket. So Ah voted fo' de Democrats."

"But de Republicans gib you de most-est money."

"Yassah, dat's jes' de pint. Ah voted fo' dem Democrats 'cause dey is de least corruptest."

*

He was at the fountain pen counter making a purchase. "You see," he said, "I am buying this for my wife."

"A surprise, eh?"

"I'll say so. She is expecting a Packard."

AMONGST OURSELVES

Father James Gillis, editor of the *Catholic World* and renowned Catholic author, let himself go recently on the difficulty of combining the work of a Catholic priest with that of being an editor. How well he knows! The editor sits down to write an article on some burning issue; has 14 books, 21 periodicals, and half a dozen newspapers open around him (many on the floor, of course), each one marked for reference—when his bell rings and he is called to the hospital or the confessional or even, sometimes, without much warning, to the pulpit. He returns and has to start his “burning issue” article all over. . . . He has to try to develop a style for preaching and a style for writing—two entirely different things, but far too often confused. He has to find time for a hundred and one different types of pastoral work and at the same time try to be scholarly, up-to-the-minute, interesting, in the things he writes. Sounds like a rather large order; Father Gillis hints that it is all but impossible; but we think it interesting.

At any rate, when you read your *LIGUORIAN*, you may think, if it pleases you, of paragraphs punctuated in their composition by the hearing of confessions, the preaching of sermons, officiating at an occasional wedding, administering Sacraments, and asking beggars what they intend to do with the alms about to be bestowed. If you have imagination, you will find much to read between the lines.

The Liguorian

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

NEWLY PREVIEWED

Holiday
Husapango (Spanish)
Ladies in Distress
Law of the Plains
Mysterious Mr. Moto

PREVIOUSLY PREVIEWED

Adventures of Chico
Adventures of Robin Hood
Adventures of Tom Sawyer
Albero di Adamo (Italian)
Alma Jarocha (Spanish)
Arsene Lupin Returns
Arson Gang Busters
Bar 20 Justice
Beloved Brat
Blind Alibi
Blondes at Work
Border Wolves
Bringing Up Baby
Broadway Melody of 1938
Bulldog Drummond's Peril
Call of the Rockies
Call, The
Captains Courageous
Cassidy of Bar 20
Castillos En El Aire (Spanish)
Cattle Raiders
Coconut Grove
Code of the Ranger
Contessa di Parma, La (Italian)
Crime School
Cuori di Marimal (Italian)
Daminella di Bard, La (Italian)
Daredevil Drivers, The
Dawn Over Ireland
Desert Patrol
Devil's Party, The
Doctor Rhythm
El 113 (Spanish)
Everybody Sing
Extortion
Feri Mind Orult, A (Hungarian)
Feud Maker, The
Flash Casey, Candid Camera-man
Forbidden Valley
Four Men and a Prayer
Gangs of New York
Generals without Buttons (French)
Girl of the Golden West
Gold Is Where You Find It
Goldwyn Follies
Golgotha
Goodbye Broadway
Green Fields
Gun Law
Gunsmoke Trail
Hawaiian Buckaroo

Hawaii Calls
He Couldn't Say No
Headin' East
Heart of Arizona
Her Jungle Love
Heroes of the Alamo
Hold That Kiss
Hunted Men
Ihr groesster Erfolg (German)
Im Sonnenschein (German)
In Old Chicago
International Crime
International Settlement
Invisible Enemy
Kater Lamps (German)
Kathleen
Kentucky Moonshine
Kid Comes Back, The
Kidnapped
Lachdoktor, Der (German)
Lady in the Morgue
Lancieri di Savoia (Italian)
Land of Fighting Men
Life Begins in College
Life of Emile Zola, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Miss Rounpneck
Little Women (Reissue)
Lone Wolf in Paris
Lost Horizon
Lost Ranch
Love Is a Headache
Love on a Budget
Mad About Music
Maid's Night Out
Main Event, The
Making the Headlines
Marines Are Here, The
Meiseken (German)
Merlusse (French)
Merrily We Live
Million Dollar Racket
Mind Your Own Business
Monastery
Moonlight Sonata
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance
Mujer Mexicana (Spanish)
Mystery House
Noblezza Baturra (Spanish)
Of Human Hearts
Old Barn Dance, The
100 Men and a Girl
Outlaws of Sonora
Outlaws of the Prairie
Over the Wall
Overland Express, The
Painted Trail
Paloma, La (Spanish)
Penrod and His Twin Brother
Penrod's Double Trouble
People of Bergslagen (Swedish)

Phantom Ranger
Prairie Thunder
Prisoner of Zenda
Radio City Revels
Rawhide
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Religious Racketeer
Rendezvous in Wien (German)
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel
The
Rolling Caravans
Romance on the Run
Rose Edouille, La (French)
Rose of the Rio Grande
Saleslady
Sally, Irene and Mary
Sara Lar Sig Folkvett (Swedish)
Scandal Street
Sh! The Octopus
She's Got Everything
Sieben Ohreigen (German)
Singing Outlaw, The
Six Shootin' Sheriff
Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs
Spirit of Youth
Squadron of Honor
Stagecoach Days
Stand In
Start Cheering
State Police
Stolen Heaven
Swiss Miss
Test Pilot
Tex Rides With the Boy Scouts
Thanks a Million (Reissue)
There Goes the Groom
This Marriage Business
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry
Thrill of a Lifetime
To the Victor
Torchy Blane in Panama
Traum Von Rhein (German)
Trip to Paris, A
Troopship
Tropic Holiday
Under Western Stars
Western Trails
West of Rainbow's End
When G-Men Step In
Where the West Begins
Where Trails Divide
Whirlwind Horseman
White Banners
Who Killed Gail Preston.
Wide Open Faces
Wise Girl
Yellow Jack
Yank at Oxford, A
Zwei Lustige Abenteurer (German)